

Deja Vu

by Shnizel

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Summary: Sequel to Two Of A Kind. Need I say more? Okay then...

H.I.V.E.'s famous team are about to embark on their toughest challenge yet. With one of their own missing and another indisposed only time will tell if things'll get better. And time is running out...

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Before I give you the first chapter I need to say this. If you haven't read Two Of A Kind, then I strongly recommend that you do otherwise nothing here will make even the slightest bit of sense. If not then you continue at your own peril...\*\***

**\*\*Also thank you to everyone who reviewed the first fic of this story. The feedback was truly great and inspiring. :D\*\***

**\*\*Now I think I've kept you dear reader's in suspense long enough. Trumpets please...\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*(Don't forget to review at the end!)\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1\*\***

"Otto!"

Laura was stood against the far wall, her eyes wide, her legs shaking. Just moments ago she'd been sleeping peacefully. But that had all changed when the white haired boy had woken up.

It had been almost instantaneous. One moment she was dreaming. The next wide awake and looking at Otto, who's eyes were open, watching her. He'd glanced down at their hands locked together and jerked away, falling off of the other side of the bed. Wires and needles had

ripped free from him, the oxygen mask, tumbling to the floor. Now he was brandishing the pole that had held the drip, like a weapon, eyes wild and breathing harsh.

"Otto?" Laura tried again, her hands raised in the universal sign of peace.

"Who are you?" He growled back, jabbing the pole in her direction. She frowned.

"You don't know?" The girl said in shock.

"Do you think I'd be asking if I knew who you were? Now answer my question!" He yelled.

"Laura. Laura Brand." She gabbled quickly.

"Where am I?" Otto asked, quieter than before. He'd lowered the pole slightly, looking lost.

"H.I.V.E. Remember? We've been here for three years. You, me, Shelby, Wing, Franz and Nigel." Laura said, disbelieving.

"No I don't! The last thing I remember is having a gun pointed at me and getting shot by some woman with a scar across her face!" Otto said, gritting his teeth. The girl moved forward slightly and he raised the pole again.

"Stay where you are!" He shouted. Laura froze, watching as he glanced behind him at the door. In that instant she reached into her pocket, pulling out her blackbox and flipping it open.

The boy spun around and looked at the device in her hand. She didn't wait to see what he did next. Instead she ran for the bathroom, opposite the bed and locked the door behind her.

"H.I.V.E. mind? Get Nero here now!" She said, screaming at the wire frame face of the artificial intelligence. Tears slid silently down her face as she leant against the wall, listening to the pole clatter to the floor outside.

\* \* \*

><p>Beeping. It was insistent and annoying. The sound penetrated the fog of sleep that enveloped Nero and he moaned softly, his eyes scrunching up. Reluctantly, he reached out to his bedside table and flicked the small blackbox that was there, open. Light flooded the dark room and it was some time before the man actually opened his eyes to look at the screen.<p>

He was in a single bed, adorned with simple covers and a hard mattress. The room he occupied was sparsely furnished with just the bed, the cabinet beside it, a rather insignificant desk complete with wooden chair and a tall ancient wardrobe.

Nero rubbed vigorously at his eyes and then squinted at the blackbox. H.I.V.E. mind's face peered back at him anxiously.

"What's wrong?" He croaked, sitting up, the covers sliding off of his bare chest.

"Laura is calling for you. She's currently in the hospital bay, more specifically the room Otto was occupying." The A.I. replied.

"Well is it important? Or can it wait until morning?" Nero muttered, taking a sip from a glass that had been perched on the bedside table. He drained it one and gulped. To tell you the truth he'd been dreading the rise of the sun. It meant that he'd have to deal with the mess that still needed sorting at H.I.V.E, following the attack only hours before, contact parents and relatives of those that had been killed, track down his brother and possibly face a confrontation. He was going to need all the sleep he could get.

"Well I don't know. She didn't say. Though she was screaming at me quite loudly." H.I.V.E. mind said, thoughtfully.

"Screaming? What did she say?" The man asked, pulling the covers away and standing up. He walked over to the chair and grabbed a robe, hurriedly shoving it on.

"Get Nero here now. That's what she said. No. That's what she screamed. Does it mean something?" H.I.V.E. mind asked, confused.

"Yes! Get me Raven. Tell her to meet me there. Something may have happened to Otto." Nero said firmly, snapping the blackbox closed. He reached for the door handle and then looked down at himself. Walking through the school in nothing but his boxers and a robe would raise questions. Especially if anyone saw him. That would be everyone in the Computer room, now the Surveillance room due to the destruction of the Communications room. And of course any guards on duty patrolling the halls. Not to mention those students who managed to slip so easily in and out of their accommodation blocks. He really should get that seen to.

\_Raven\_. He definitely didn't want her seeing him like this.

With that thought, he moved back to his wardrobe and pulled out a black t - shirt and pants, pulling them on hurriedly along with some shoes.

\* \* \*

><p>Otto ran down the dark passageway, his heart racing. The scream that had awoken him, still reverbrated around the inside of his skull. It was an animal sound, feral and wild. And also full of pain.<p>

His sharp blue eyes picked out a T - shape junction ahead and he subconsciously turned down the right hand side corridor, no idea where he was going.

The boy's mind replayed over his most recent memories. The gun pointing at him. The woman's smile as she shot him. Bright lights and explosions of every colour on a black backdrop. And then the girl asleep beside him on the chair.

Something was missing.

Otto stopped and looked back. No - one was following him. With a sigh he slid down against the wall and sat with his head on his knees. He hadn't realised but looking at himself now, he saw that he was dressed in a white t - shirt and white linen pants. Hospital garments.

Glancing at his wrist he figured that he definitely wasn't in a hospital. There was no tag there.

\_What had happened?\_

\_He'd been shot and then what?\_

\_Wait, what was it that the girl had said?\_

\_'We've been here for three years. You, me, Shelby, Wing, Franz and Nigel.'\_

\_Where was here? H.I.V.E.? What was that?\_

The questions spun around and around his mind like a tornado, the answers hidden somewhere within its depths.

"Otto? You're awake!"

His head snapped up and he stared, eyes wide at the woman standing there. She was exactly as he remembered her. The same scar. The same hard look and narrowed eyes. But also worry and concern. She was dressed in black combat fatigues, katanas sheathed across her back. He gulped.

"What's wrong?" The woman asked, frowning and she bent down on her haunches hand outstretched. He flinched and scrabbled away.

"Otto?" She said again, a hint of bewilderment in her voice.

He glanced down at her belt. Before he knew what he was doing, he lunged for the gun that hung there and pulled it free. The woman jerked back, standing up abruptly and he followed suit, weapon raised. His hand shook but he ignored it and licked his lips.

The woman looked shocked and then started laughing.

Otto's breath caught in his throat. He was pointing a gun at her and she was laughing like it was no more harmless than a toy.

"What are you laughing at?" He asked, confused. "I will use this you know!"

"I don't doubt it." She replied, smiling. "You must have been the reason I was called to the hospital bay. Come on give it back."

The woman held out her hand, waiting for him to hand it over. Instead he pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened.

Otto stood dumbfounded for a second and he saw her eyes narrow at the lost expression on his face. Then he dropped the gun and ran down the corridor, hoping to put as much distance between himself and

her.

She caught the weapon before it hit the floor and fired once at his disappearing form. The sleeper charge hit him square in the back and he fell to the floor unconscious, his head cracking against the floor with a thud.

Raven sighed and walked over to him, checking his pulse. Then suddenly a strange feeling passed through her. Guilt. He'd just been electrocuted not long ago and here she was shooting him with a sleeper. Maybe she'd made things worse.

The woman shook her head. What was done was done. No point worrying about it. She bent down and picked him up in a fireman's lift, casually strolling off in the direction of the hospital bay.

Two things she was certain of:

1. Nero would be furious. And...

2. Electrocution, an impact with a sleeper pulse and a hit on the head with a stone floor were the key ingredients for a killer headache. Otto would be in no shape to try to attack her again. And if he did, well, bring it on.

Raven smiled to herself. She liked a challenge more than anything. And tonight's events told her that things were only just starting to get interesting. Even if she hadn't understood half of it.

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Thank you for all the great reviews I recieved for chapter 1! And thank you to invader13panda whose drawings made me smile and feel warm inside. :D Now...\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 2\*\***

Walking purposefully down the dark corridor, Nero suddenly stopped, listening. He could hear beeping and a horrible scraping sound that made him wince. Glancing down the hall he could see that the door to the room Otto had been in only hours ago, was open. He hurried over to it and slipped inside.

His eyes widened. This was not what he'd expected. Wires lay strewn all round the room. Medical machines had fallen over, their screens shattering glass everywhere. The beeping came from the heart monitoring device and the scraping from a oxygen tank as it slid across the ground with the release of the gas inside.

Nero frowned. Otto was nowhere to be seen.

"Laura!" He called out tentatively as he stopped the gas cylinder with his foot. There was a click and the door to the bathroom swung open, the girl wearily peering around it.

"What happened?" The man asked, anxiously, seeing her tear streaked face as he strode over to her. She shook her head and looked towards

the door. Raven had just walked in with a limp Otto over her shoulder.

"What happened to him?" Nero asked, incredulous.

"He attacked me and I hit him with a sleeper pulse." She replied matter - of - factly, walking over to the bed and dumping her cargo on top of it without looking.

"You do realise that you may have made him worse." He said, arms folded. The woman shrugged with a nonchalant smile.

"I don't think things could get much worse anyway." Laura suddenly said. She'd moved over to Otto and was staring down at him with longing on her face.

"What do you mean?" Nero asked, walking over to stand beside her.

"He's lost his memory." Her voice cracked and she swallowed before continuing. "I don't know how much of it's gone though. He doesn't remember me or H.I.V.E. But he remembers Raven. At least I think that's who he meant."

"And what exactly did he say?" The man asked, frowning.

"He said that the last thing he remembered was having a gun pointed at him and getting shot by a woman with a scar across her face." Laura replied, stroking Otto's hair.

"I've never held a gun to his face!" Raven said indignantly. The other two looked at her with dubious looks.

"Are you sure?" Nero said, running a hand through his hair.

"Yes... No... Actually... when I was recruiting him. I held a sleeper gun to his face. Could he possibly be remembering that?" Raven wondered aloud.

"That was three years ago." Laura said, eyes wide. "That means he's lost three years of his memories."

"We don't know that. And somehow I doubt it. When he awoke in the helicopter three years ago he was fine. H.I.V.E. didn't faze him one bit. It's like he's a different person. I would've expected him to act the same way he did back then." Nero said, beginning to pace back and forth across the end of the bed.

"No. He's still Otto." Laura said, staring hard at the man. "But tell me. How would you have reacted if you had woken up in a hospital, one that you didn't recognise, surrounded by people you didn't recognise, three years of your memories missing and the last recollection you have is of a foreign woman holding a gun to your face?"

Nero sighed. The girl had point. But they weren't going to find out anything until some tests were done. So it was with trepidation that he pulled out his blackbox and asked H.I.V.E. mind to call Dr Scott to the room.

\* \* \*

><p>Otto moaned softly. There was a throbbing in his head and he felt sick. What had happened? He tried to bring forth his memories but there was nothing but darkness.<p>

There were, however, voices. They drifted towards him slightly muffled but nevertheless distinguishable.

"You mean he attacked you?" A girl was saying in shock. "Like attacked you? For real? What was he thinking?"

"Nothing." Another female voice replied. "He's lost his memory. He wasn't thinking at all. Dr Scott said that his memories may or may not come back. And we have to help. Drop prompts and hints here and there."

"If we have to, we'll show him a video, how about that?" An older male voice said. Whoever it was sighed. "Come on. I said you could visit not stay for tea. We need to find a way of tracking down Rick."

"And you're asking for our help?" The first girl said incredulous. "I'm in!"

"And I'll stay. Someone has to make sure he's alright when he wakes up." The second female voice said.

"Are you sure? After what happened last time?" An unfamiliar voice said. "No, I'll stay here with you. To be on the safe side."

"Thanks."

There was the sound of footsteps leaving and Otto opened his eyes the tiniest crack. Harsh light flooded in and he had to squint to protect his eyes. He glanced around, trying to be discreet. An asian boy, tall with long dark hair, sat to his left, deep in thought. To his right sat the red head he'd first met.

As he looked at her, he realised that she was watching him silently and he flinched away. The movement did not go unnoticed by the boy and at once he focused, looking at him with concern.

"Can you stop looking at me like that?" Otto croaked, his throat dry.

"Like what?" He asked, frowning.

"Like you know me, when you obviously don't."

The boy looked across at the red head, Laura, who shrugged.

Otto sighed and made to sit up. That's when he realised that he couldn't move. His wrists and ankles were tied to the bed and a strap held his chest down.

"What the heck is this?" He nearly shouted at them.

"It's for your own safety." Laura said, biting her lip.

"Safety from what exactly?"

"Yourself!" She yelled, abruptly standing up. "You've lost your memory at the worst possible time! Not only has your brother been kidnapped but it's possible that Overlord might come back! You have no chance against him like this! So I suggest you stop whining and start trying to remember, or everyone is going to end up dead!"

Otto raised an eyebrow, slightly stunned. Then he cleared his throat.

"I have no idea what Overlord is, I don't have a brother, I'm an orphan and you guys are all delusional. Now LET ME GO!" He screamed, eyes burning.

"I HATE YOU!" She screamed back, gritting her teeth. "You'll never be the same! You know I'm glad I kissed Rick. He's older and less immature!"

The girl hesitated for a second and took a deep breath. She looked like she was about to continue but then she changed her mind and glared at him, before walking towards the door and out into the corridor.

"Why the heck would I care if she likes me and why should I care about who she kisses?" Otto asked the empty room. Only it wasn't empty. Wing was still there.

"Real smooth, Otto. Real smooth."

"And who are you?"

"I'm Wing. You're friend. Now if you'll excuse me..." The boy said, standing up. He looked at Otto on more time as if sizing him up and then left in pursuit of the girl.

"Oh yeah! Fine! Just leave me!" Otto shouted after him.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Thank you all so much for the reviews! Don't forget to keep them coming! :D\*\*

\*\*ENJOY!\*\*

\*\*Chapter 3\*\*

Rick was walking down a corridor of smooth black rock with lights interspersed regularly across the ceiling. Shadows hid in the corners and voices drifted on the air towards him. It reminded him of H.I.V.E. even if he'd only been there for a couple of hours.

He was looking down at his feet as he walked and out of the corner of his eye he saw someone step past him. The boy wanted to lift his head to see who it had been. But he couldn't. His eyes stayed firmly on the ground and his black sneakers.

Next Rick tried to move his right hand. It wouldn't move. He couldn't even feel it.



The boy began to panic. He couldn't control his own body.

Rick watched as an apple appeared within his field of vision and he bit into it. What was going on?

Then suddenly his head moved and he glanced at a door indented in one side of the corridor. It was made of metal and he could vaguely make out his reflection in the split second. His face was the same. But his hair was not. Short and white. Otto?

Maybe this was a dream.

That was the way it seemed. Rick felt like a passenger sat at the back of someone else's head and watching out of their eyes, unable to do anything. That thought calmed him. He was asleep. Nothing more.

The boy continued to walk down the corridor, randomly choosing the direction in which to go. As he moved, he ate the apple in his hand and studied the passageways. Everytime he walked past a door, he'd listen for any voices and if he heard none, then he'd glance inside the room.

A laboratory. A classroom. A storage cupboard.

The next door made him pause. He could hear muffled voices coming from the other side.

"Right. Any more ideas on how to find Rick?" A male said.

"Yeah. Use Otto as a magnet. He's bound to find trouble." A girl replied, laughing. It faded into an embarrassed cough.

Rick suddenly felt dizzy. He would have fallen over, but this was a dream.

The door became framed by darkness and was then promptly swallowed by it. Lights popped and fizzled in the dark. A wave of vertigo overcame the boy and he felt his knees buckle.

\_He felt his knees buckle.\_

Rick's eyes snapped open and he squinted into the light of the small room. He was still chained up and there was a dull throb in his back where he'd been whipped. The boy could feel his blood crusted over his skin and if he moved a stab of pain shot through him.

But he could control his body.

That had been a weird dream. Everything had felt real. The school had looked real. The apple had looked real. The feeling of being trapped and unable to move had seemed real.

He flinched from the pain of his wounds and suddenly he was back in the corridor. The shock of it made him stagger back. But of course he couldn't move. Instead the feeling of vertigo came over him again as did darkness and what seemed like lightning flashed before him.

His eyes snapped open on the small room and he gulped breathlessly.

Sweat trickled down his forehead and he waited for his heart to calm down.

That had definitely not been a dream.

\* \* \*

><p>Otto listened outside the room a moment longer. His curiosity had been piqued and he wanted to know more. Even though the people on the other side had strapped him to a bed and quite possibly kidnapped him. But they <em>had <em>seemed genuine. And he \_had \_lost his memory. He could feel it. Like a black hole in his head, where something should have be.

The question was did he believe them enough to trust them?

He sighed and bit into the diminishing apple in his hand. What choice did he have?

With his free hand the boy pushed open the door and walked into the room. It was furnished with a long oval table around which seven people were seated. A man with grey at his temple's. The red head, Laura, who'd shouted at him before. The asian boy, Wing. A blond girl he'd never seen before. A dark skinned man in army fatigues with a metal hand. A bald man in a suit. An old man with wild white hair. And the woman with the scar across her face.

As the door swung shut behind him, everyone turned to look. And one by one their eyes widened in shock.

"You were meant to be in the hospital department." The man opposite said. He was the one with the grey in his hair.

"Yeah. And you didn't strap me down very well. It was easy enough to pull them loose. And there was no - one to stop me because someone..." Here Otto looked hard at Laura. "...left in a huff. And forgot to get me something to eat. I wasn't about to stay there and starve."

"Wing?" The man said, eyebrows raised.

"I'm sorry. I went after Laura because she was upset and then H.I.V.E. mind called us to come here and we got caught up with finding Rick." Wing replied, shrugging.

"Why didn't you just try to escape then? That's what I would've done. Instead you go in search of clothes and food and run into us. Idiot!" This time it was the blond who'd spoken.

Otto glared at her and jumped up onto the end of the table nearest to him, sitting down crossed legged and biting into his apple again.

"Then I couldn't find out about you guys could I? Now is someone going to tell me your names or not?" He said nonchalantly.

"I'm Shelby." The blond said with a smile. "And I can play every prank that I've ever done on you over the past three years again. Because you won't remember them."

"I'm..."

"Yeah I know who you are. Wing wasn't it? And the red head is Laura." Otto said, glancing at them.

"Well, I'm Professor Pike, a scientist." The old man explained.

"Hence the lab coat." Otto murmured.

"I'm Darkdoom." The bald man said with a slight smile.

"And I'm Colonel Francisco." The army man beside him growled.

"Check check." Otto whispered to himself.

"I'm Raven. Don't ever attack me again." The woman with the scar said, a predatory smile on her face.

"Noted." Otto muttered. "And you?" He continued speaking to the one person left.

"Nero. And I'm curious. How did you find your way here and to the kitchen and to my rooms, because those are my clothes."

The boy's eyes widened and he glanced down. He was wearing a black shirt and black pants. Both of which he'd found in a bedroom leading from what looked like an office.

"That was your room?" Otto said in disbelief.

"Yes. Now answer my question." Nero said, leaning forward on his elbows, frowning. "How did you find your way around the school?"

"School?" The boy frowned and looked down at the table. How had he known where to go? A sharp pain suddenly stabbed through his head and he gasped aloud, the apple in his hand rolling to the floor. His eyes scrunched up and he gripped his temples.

All at once everyone was on their feet. Nero caught him as he fell backwards and toppled off of the table. His head hit the floor with a thud and he lay there the world spinning above him. He shut his eyes and when he opened them, everyone was looking over him with concern. Laura stood closest to him with a glass of water ready.

Otto ignored it and looked over to the man, Nero.

"What were we talking about?" He asked in confusion.

"Nothing. You felt dizzy that's all. Come on. Get up. You can go back to the hospital and rest." The man replied, helping him to stand.

"What do those numbers mean?" Otto asked as he stumbled to his feet and leant against Nero. He watched as the man glanced over to the screen on the far side of the room.

"They're co - ordinates." He whispered.

"Co - ordinates. For what?" The boy asked, blinking slowly to clear his head.

"Raven. Get ready to leave. Looks like we have the location of both Rick and H.I.V.E. mind's seed core." Nero said. Then he turned to the white haired boy. "You may have lost your memory but the Otto we know is still there. Wing? Take him to the hospital. Make sure he gets something to eat."

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Thanks for the reviews all you lovely people! Here's another installment for you guys! :D\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY! (Don't forget to review!)\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 4\*\***

"Who's Rick? And who's H.I.V.E. mind?" Otto muttered, as he stumbled down the corridor. He had one arm slung over Wing's shoulder and the taller boy was half carrying him along. The two girls followed alongside, Laura occasionally stopping him from falling over on top of her. To anyone walking past them, he would've seemed drunk.

"Erm... Well. H.I.V.E. mind is an artificial intelligence." The red head explained, watching his reaction.

"So in three years... the world suddenly got the technology to create artificial life?" He asked with a frown.

"Pretty much." Shelby said, nodding. "And Rick is..." Laura stood on her foot and she abruptly cut off.

"Ow! What did you do that for?" The girl asked, eyes wide and limping slightly. Her friend shrugged but quickly slid a finger across her throat as Otto looked away. A signal to stop the conversation and change the topic. Shelby nodded showing that she'd understood and looked down at the ground, biting a nail.

"Hey! I've just realised I don't know the date!" Otto suddenly said, glancing round at them all.

"Really?" Wing said, a little dubious.

Everyone turned to look at him and his girlfriend clipped the boy lightly on the back of the head.

"Of course he doesn't! He's lost his memory! Anyhow... I think it's the twenty - ninth of August, twenty eleven." Shelby said with smile.

"That makes me sixteen. Yesterday." Otto said in a small voice. He pulled his arm away and stood up properly, his drunken facade gone. The boy's friends stopped and he took a couple of steps forward before he realised.

"Where am I? Be honest. And who the heck are you guys? Not your names but actually who are you? You say you know me, so how did we meet?"

You haven't even answered my earlier question. Who's Rick? Actually. You know what? First of all, you can tell me how I lost my memories." He said, arms folded. A guard walked past in his orange jumpsuit, momentarily looking at the small group and assessing whether they were a threat or not. Then he walked on by without a backward glance.

"I don't know what to say Otto. You were electrocuted and somehow that fried your brain. That was yesterday. On your birthday. And Rick. He's your twin brother. As for me. I'm from Scotland and I hacked into a military base to use their technology. That's why I'm here." Laura began, biting her lip.

"Yeah and I'm here because I'm the famous Wraith who stole jewellery. And I thought no - one knew. I was wrong. H.I.V.E. knew." Shelby continued, watching his reaction.

"I'm just here because of my skills as a fighter." Wing said, shrugging.

"And you're here because of Overlord and because of the stunt you pulled with the Prime Minister. We all met here, in this school. And we haven't left except for... I guess you can call them trips. The first year we tried to escape and it failed. Yes that means we were brought here against our will. That same year we were attacked by a giant carnivorous plant. You managed to stop it with your quick thinking." Laura explained, tears slowly coming to her eyes. She gulped when she noticed Otto was looking down at the ground, fists clenched at his sides.

"Then Wing almost died..." Shelby said, oblivious. A nudge from the red head shut her up and she glanced at Wing, eyebrow raised in a question.

"I asked for the truth...I thought that I could trust you guys..." The boy began, looking at them, eyes like daggers.

"That was the truth..." Laura said, eyes wide. "Look..." She walked forward, intending to touch his arm but he jerked away.

"Just leave me alone!" He shouted. And with that he ran down the corridor and round a corner.

The red head stood fixed to the spot, unable to move but Wing was ready and he ran after him. His legs were longer and he was faster. There was no way Otto would be able to outrun him.

Shelby looked at Laura and the fear on her face and quickly pulled her into a hug. The other girl burst into tears, crying for the boy she loved and whom she'd lost.

\* \* \*

><p>Raven stepped into the hangar bay and walked down the short flight of stairs to the landing pad below. A shroud was standing stationary there, its back door open and technicians scurrying to and from it, packing crates of equipment. She ignored them and made her way over to Nero, who was sitting down in a chair, watching the preparations.<p>

"Are you all set to go?" He asked, as she approached.

"Of course. I'm always ready. What do you think that I should expect?" The assassin replied.

"No idea. The satellites stop working over that area of land. Something to do with the magnetic field around the Earth, Professor Pike tells me. There could be anything waiting for you. I'm sorry. We're throwing out into the middle of nowhere with no plan." Nero explained, a slight smile on his face.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine. No - one's taken me down so far. And I doubt anyone will." She said confidently.

"Don't say that. The future isn't set in stone." He said, standing up to face her. The shroud was ready and technicians were getting out of the way as the pilot started up her engines. "Be careful. I... H.I.V.E. doesn't want anything bad happening to you."

"I'm always careful, Nero. That's what's kept me alive all these years." Raven replied with a smile. Then she turned and walked towards the awaiting aircraft, without a backward glance.

The man glanced at his watch and suddenly he felt a slight pressure against his cheek. He looked up to see Natalya turning red, and he could feel his own temperature rising.

"Just in case I don't get back." She quickly mumbled and this time she turned and ran for the shroud, disappearing into the its confines.

Nero lifted a hand to his face where she'd kissed him and gazed after the aircraft as it rose into the air. It dipped forward slightly and then flew out of the hangar and into the blue sky beyond.

The man looked back down to see several technicians watching him and his confused expression. He quickly cleared his throat and his face hardened. Then he realised his hand was still on his cheek. He dropped it and gave the men a nod before leaving the cavern.

\* \* \*

><p>The heavy metal door swung open and in walked Alexander in his immaculate white suit. He was followed by two guards as always, one of which carried a bucket but this time there was also a third person. He wore a lab coat and carried a small scanning device that looked like a blackbox but bigger.<p>

Rick was still chained upright. His hair hung thick and dirty over his face and his arms had gone pale. He'd lost feeling in them long ago and couldn't even flex his fingers. Veins stood out prominently on his skin and his back was a mess.

He looked up into the man's eyes as they entered and growled, his features contorted like that of a wild animal. This was the second time that they'd visited and he dreaded to think why.

"Nice to see you too." Alex responded, with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. He nodded at the guard with the bucket who then lifted the container and splashed cold water onto the boy.

He gasped, jerking back in shock and then had to grit his teeth from the pain of his wounds. For a moment he could see Laura's face in a mask of fear and then the room came back into focus.

"Now. I'm guessing that you would like to know why we're here. Well we just want to do a little examination of you, if that's alright." The man gestured to the doctor or scientist and he stepped forward, bringing his machine over Rick's head and then tapping away at the screen. Alex smiled at him.

"Done. You can go back to whatever you were doing now." He said and then walked out, the other man following him. Rick frowned. What had that been about?

The guards didn't leave. Instead one of them came forward and undid the lock on the chains. The boy immediately fell to his knees and toppled over onto his side, causing him to scream out in pain. His shoulder jarred from the impact but he didn't feel a thing. Then the guard left and the other dropped an apple and a water bottle onto the floor by his head. The door swung shut behind them.

Rick tried to force his arms to move but they wouldn't. The blood had drained from them. He hurriedly tucked them under him hoping to warm them up. Then he gazed longingly at the water bottle. He wouldn't be able to drink until his arms could move. And that he feared might never happen.

But then he began to feel sharp pin pricks all the way up his arms and shoulders. The boy sighed in relief. They weren't completely dead then.

Suddenly the world spun and he was lying on his front in a passageway in H.I.V.E, someone pressing down on him. He looked back and found that it was Wing. But when he tried to talk to him, the scene blurred so that it looked like the asian boy was there in the cell with him. And then even he faded away to leave Rick alone and in pain, with no way out and no hope.

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Hola! Hoped you guys enjoyed chapter 4! Now as a special treat, here's Chapter 5! Don't forget to review! :D\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 5\*\***

"Get off of me!" Otto shouted, rolling over and kicking Wing between the legs. The taller boy fell to the side, groaning, his face scrunched up in pain. Tears came to his eyes and he gasped, gritting his teeth. At the same time he automatically curled up, giving his friend the opportunity to escape.

Otto didn't leave a second to chance. He was on his feet in a heartbeat and racing down the corridor, Wing rolling about on the floor behind him.

But his victory was short lived. As the boy rounded the corner, he

glanced back to make sure that his friend had given up the pursuit. And as a result, he ran headlong into Nero.

Otto rebounded from the impact and fell over backwards, his eyes wide. The man seemed unperturbed and merely looked down at him with interest.

"What were you doing?" He asked, an eyebrow raised. Otto, on the floor, quickly cleared his throat, thinking.

"Erm... I was... well I was just... going to get... " He bit his lip in concentration. What was he going to get?

"I see." Nero said. The man stepped past Otto and looked down the adjoining corridor where Wing was stiffly rising to his feet. His eyes widened slightly and he glanced at the white haired boy in shock.

"What did you do to him?" He asked.

"Nothing!" Otto replied, climbing to his feet. "It was an accident... and I was going to get help."

"Really?" Nero said, dubiously. His eyes narrowed and he looked around to see two security guards heading their way.

"Excuse me?" He said. The men stopped, surprised by who was talking to them. "I need you take this boy down to the detention centre. Don't let him from your sight, you got that?" They nodded obediently, one grabbing Otto's arm roughly.

"What's the detention centre?" The boy asked, worried.

"It's where bad boys like you, get to spend some time on their own. In confinement. With nothing to do. And no - one to hear you scream." Nero replied. "We wouldn't want you to escape after all and tell the authority's of our existence. Besides, I can't keep an eye on you myself. I've got students to teach. You can leave when you're ready to apologise to Wing."

Otto's eyes widened in disbelief and he opened his mouth to complain. But before he had the chance, the guard with the grip on his arm pulled him away, and he had no choice but to stumble along after them. The other man followed behind.

Otto glanced at the belt on the guard in front. There was a gun there and for a second he considered trying to snatch it. But the last time he'd done that he'd been knocked out by Raven. Not an experience he wanted to repeat.

\* \* \*

><p>Nero watched the white haired boy round the corner, flanked by the guards. Then he turned and walked over to Wing, who was stood against the wall, grimacing.<p>

"What the heck did you do to make him hurt you?" He asked, arms wide.

"Nothing." The boy replied, through gritted teeth. "He asked for the



truth and we gave it him. But he didn't believe us. And then he ran off. I tried to stop him and well he..."

"Yeah I can see. Get yourself to the hospital department. They'll... well maybe they'll give you some ice." Nero said with a slight smile. Wing nodded and staggered away down the corridor, limping.

The man stood there a moment longer deep in thought. If Otto hadn't believed them, his friends, then how the heck would they get his memory back? It was going to be difficult but he'd hoped that seeing and hearing things that had happened would perhaps spark some sort of recollection for him. But it seemed that he had truly lost the last three years of his life. No wonder he didn't trust them. And would he ever trust them again?

Nero sighed. There was no point worrying over it. What was done was done. He glanced around and then set off for a classroom on the otherside of the compound, wondering on how he was going to answer the students questions about the attack.

\* \* \*

><p>Otto walked into the small room and glanced around. It was furnished with only a bed, the lighting coming from the corridor running alongside. The guard who'd lead him there, shut the door behind him and then moved over to stand beside a table further down the hallway. His companion was already there, his feet up on the table.<p>

The boy sighed and sat down on the low bed. It sank under him and he wouldn't have been surprised if it had collapsed beneath him.

He frowned and thought back to what the students had said. What they'd fabricated. A giant canivorous plant? Yeah right. They'd been lying through their teeth. And he thought he could trust them.

Rick? Laura had said that he was his brother. Well that was something Otto definitely wouldn't have forgotten. Being an orphan had been great with all the power he'd had and the respect. But to have a family would have been the best present ever. It hurt to think that they'd lie about something like that. He had no family. And he never would.

\* \* \*

><p>Rick reached for the bottle and twisted off the cap, gulping down it's contents greedily. Water splashed onto the floor turning the dust to mud but he ignored it. Then with trembling fingers he grasped the apple and bit into it. Juice dribbled down his chin and he chewed slowly, letting it's taste wash over him. He finished the apple completely and drained the container of all liquid.<p>

The boy licked his lips and groaned. He hadn't realised he was so hungry until he'd devoured the apple. But there was nothing left to eat.

To distract himself he looked around and found his shirt still lying in the corner, where it'd been left. With some time, he managed to climb to his hands and knees and crawl over to it. It took longer still to actually put it on as it kept rubbing against the gashes on

his back. But it kept the cold at bay even if the buttons were missing.

Rick sat there for a while wondering what to do now that he could move around. He considered trying to escape but he was too weak and in pain to fight off any guards.

Not far from him there was a rock. It was sharp and jagged, perfect to use as a weapon. He crawled over to it and picked the object up. Then he began to carve words into wall. It kept blurring before his eyes. One second it would be a rough rock wall. The next, a metal one, smooth and silver. But he continued to carve away, oblivious to the change.

When he'd finished he dropped his arm and inspected his handiwork.

HELP ME.

\* \* \*

><p>The guards jumped to their feet, hands over their ears. There was a horrible screeching sound coming from the the cell the boy was in. It cut through them and pierced their eardrums. With trepidation, the two of them slowly made their way over to the small room.<p>

Their eyes widened in shock. Otto was kneeling on the floor, his eyes unfocused, scratching into the metal wall with a screw from the bed. They stood their in disbelief for a moment and then one of them reached into their pocket and pulled out a blackbox.

"H.I.V.E. mind?" They said, flicking the device open. The A.I.'s wireframe face appeared on screen with a small smile.

"How can I help you?" He asked.

"You can get Nero to the detention centre pronto. He's going to want to see this."

\* \* \*

><p>"As you can see, Fredrick's unorthodox contraption managed to bewilder not only..." Nero was cut off by an insistent beeping. He turned to the desk at the front where his blackbox lay and walked over to it, lifting it up and flicking the device open in one swift movement.<p>

"H.I.V.E. mind? What do you want? I'm teaching." He asked. Some of the students were beginning to get restless.

"It's to do with Otto. The guards want you down at the detention centre." The A.I. replied.

"Right. Thank you. I'll be there." Nero sighed, clicking the blackbox shut. He turned back to the class. "I have to go. No - one is to leave until the bell rings understood?"

The majority of the class nodded. He stared hard at them and then left, heading for the facility that he was needed in.

As he approached the entrance, one of the guards met him and lead him inside. They walked past a couple of empty cells and then over to the one Otto was occupied in.

Nero recoiled slightly as he looked in. Otto was stood facing them, his face blank of any expression, his skin deathly pale. He wasn't moving and barely seemed to be breathing.

"Erm... Sir? Look over there." The guard who'd shown him in said. Nero followed his pointing finger and frowned.

Otto had gouged a message into the metal wall. The man's eyes widened as he realised what it said.

HELP ME.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hhehehehe! I'm so evil. :D<strong>

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*Thank you all for your amazing reviews! Now here's Chapter 6! :D Don't forget to review! :D\*\*

\*\*ENJOY!\*\*

\*\*Chapter 6\*\*

Nero stared at the message on the wall for what seemed like hours but could only have been minutes. His head was spinning. Why would Otto have written HELP ME on the wall? It didn't make any sense. Unless...

"Get the door open." He said to the guards. One of them stepped forward and cautiously unlocked the cell. He swung the door back and Nero walked in, standing right in front of the boy who still hadn't moved.

"What's wrong with him?" The same guard asked, edging away.

"He's in some sort of trance."

"Like sleep walking? I heard that you're not supposed to wake a sleep walker." The man continued.

Nero ignored him and waved his hand in front of Otto's face. He didn't blink.

"Were you watching him the entire time?"

The guards looked down.

"No. We only noticed something was wrong when we heard screeching." One of them answered, avoiding the man's gaze.

Nero grit his teeth and turned back to the boy. He thought for a moment and then clicked his fingers in front of his face, not really expecting anything to happen. But to his surprise, Otto blinked and

looked at him, frowning.

"What are you doing here? I thought you had a lesson to teach." He said.

"I just came to ask you some questions. First off are you alright? You've gone pale."

"Of course! I'm fine. Now is that all you wanted?" Otto asked, bemused.

"No. What have you been doing for the past hour?" Nero asked, watching the boy's reaction.

"You put me in a cell. What do you think I did?" Otto replied.

"What's in your hand?" The man continued.

"Nothing." Otto said.

"Are you sure?" Nero asked, eyebrow raised. The boy's eyes flicked down to his hand and he frowned at the screw that lay there.

"Where did you get it from?"

"I don't know! I must've found it on the floor." Otto said, trying to reassure himself.

"Did you use it by any chance?" Nero asked, arms folded.

"Use it? To do what?" Otto asked, frowning.

"Oh I don't know. Maybe to write a message on the wall." The man said, pointing to the side. Otto followed his hand and stared at the words. His mouth dropped open and he tried to say something that would make sense of what he was seeing.

"You wrote that. Do you know why?" Nero asked.

"I did not write that." Otto said. "I couldn't have. I was... I was sleeping. I couldn't have done that."

"You were sleeping? What? Standing up?" The man asked.

"Erm... Well yeah. It can happen. And one of the guards must've written that while I was sleeping. And planted the evidence on me." Otto said, trying to convince himself.

"Un Huh. So you were asleep through this then?" Nero said, taking the screw from the boy and running it down the wall. A horrible screech echoed around the room and they all flinched from the sound.

"I guess..." Otto whispered.

"Okay then. So you didn't do this?" Nero said.

"No." The boy replied firmly.

"Then let's have a look at the security cameras shall we?" Nero said,

walking out into the corridor. He lead the way down to the table and Otto followed hesitantly.

"Get the footage up." He said to the guards and one of them hurriedly began tapping away at the keyboard. Within seconds a small grainy video feed came onto the screen and they all watched in silence.

On the monitor, Otto was sat on the bed. He was leaning foward and pulling at a screw in the framework. After a while, he got up, the screw in his hand and moved over to the wall, where he began to slowly carve out letters.

The guard paused the video and Nero turned to the boy beside him. His eyes were wide and he was licking his lips nervously.

"That's not possible." He was muttering.

"Yes it is. You did it subconsciously." The man explained.

"Why would I be asking for help, subconsciously?" Otto asked, his gaze turning to Nero. In his head he was replaying what Nero and Laura had said.

\_Any more ideas on how to find Rick?\_

\_He's your twin brother.\_

"I don't think it was you." Nero said.

"What? It's my invisible twin brother right? Rick?" Otto said, sarcastically.

"He's real."

"No he's not!" Otto said angrily. "I've been an orphan all my life. If I had family, I'd remember them."

"So you want proof?" Nero asked.

"I... " Otto gulped. Did he want proof? But the choice was already made for him.

The man was tapping away at the keyboard. He hesitated, thinking carefully about something and then seemed to come to a decision. When Otto next looked at the screen a new video window was up and playing.

It showed a room that he didn't recognise, one that he was sure he'd never been in. But nevertheless, he was there standing at some sort of pedastel. There was also Professor Pike and Raven.

Another boy suddenly walked in with a cat and as he turned Otto gasped. The boy looked just like him. The same eyes and face. His hair wasn't white though and it was longer.

"No..." Otto muttered. He turned to Nero who nodded silently back at the screen.

They watched as Rick was stopped by Raven and then as he walked over to his brother and began talking to him. Otto's eyes widened. Things

were beginning to play out fast and before he knew it, they were watching as he was blown backwards by an electric surge from the pedestal.

"Laura was telling the truth." He whispered under his breath.

"What?" Nero asked, frowning.

"I'm ready to apologise to Wing. Can I go now?" Otto said, quickly.

"Erm... Okay. One of the guards will take you to your friends. But I want to talk to you later." Nero said.

"Yeah. Whatever." The boy replied. He set off for the door and one of the guards ran after him.

"Well... Things are getting interesting." The guard left behind said. Nero turned and glared at him. "Sorry."

\* \* \*

><p>Otto found Laura sat at a sofa in what the guard called the accommodation block. It was the first time that he'd seen so many people about and he realised that they were all students. This really was a school.<p>

The boy walked up behind the girl, the guard leaving via the corridor, his job done. He stopped and considered. How would she react?

"How could you Otto?" A voice suddenly said from behind him. He spun around to find Shelby standing there.

"You hurt Wing. Look at him!" She commanded.

Otto turned to look at the taller boy who was standing beside her, hunched over, his legs slightly apart and grimacing.

"Sorry." He muttered.

Shelby screamed and launched herself at him, knocking him over backwards. He crashed into the sofa and flipped over backwards, sprawling on his front, beside Laura. She was looking at them in surprise and he gave her a small smile.

"Help?" Otto asked, hopefully, glancing at the oncoming Shelby. She was welding a chair, Wing trying to stop her.

"Shelby. Stop!" Laura said forcefully. Her friend paused and then reluctantly dropped the chair.

"Thanks." Otto said, turning back to the girl. She gave him a weak smile and then punched him in the face.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you all enjoyed it! :D R&R!<strong>

## 7. Chapter 7

**\*\*Yeah I've been having a bad day and no-one seems to be reviewing. Except two of you so a special thankyou to Vordax0110 and Musicality101. :D Thankyou!\*\***

**\*\*Now here's Chapter 7. Please please review.  
:)\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 7\*\***

Raven peered through the thick foliage, her eyes easily picking out the building on the far side of the lawn. She was stood behind a cluster of trees, hidden in her black combat suit and watching out for security. Opposite her, rose a magnificent mansion, placed dead centre of the co - ordinates she'd been given. Guards patrolled the structure in fours, one at each compass point, armed with assault rifles and machine guns.

The lawn itself was camouflage for mines and pressure sensors, all of which would give away her position, should she try to cross it. Huge lights surrounded the property, illuminating every corner and exterminating every shadow.

It was night, the sky cloudless and a deep rich blue. Stars glittered in that great river overhead, all fighting to compete for attention. But tonight was no night to sit and gaze at the world beyond.

Instead Raven was searching the grounds planning her route. The security put in place seemed clumsy and rushed. With the pathway drawn out in her head, she silently slipped on her helmet and flicked a button on the side. Almost immediately the assassin blended into her surroundings and only a slight ripple gave away her presence.

Raven silently made her way around the property, towards the east, walking on the tips of her feet. She skirted the lawn and was careful to move slowly. Ahead of her, under the ground floor balcony, were some eucalyptus bushes and she made her way to them for cover.

Once she reached the relative safety under the plants, the woman assessed the guards. They were on the walkway above her head and she didn't want to accidentally crash into one.

Under her breath she counted out the seconds between footfalls. It didn't give her much time but an opportunity like that could not be missed.

Raven waited for the sounds of footsteps to fade away and then she reached up and gripped the edge of the balcony rail. With one heave the woman had vaulted over it and was racing towards a window, a couple of levels up. When she was directly underneath it, she clicked a button on the grappler glove attached to her hand and a thin wire shot into the air and burrowed into the wall above the window. All Raven had to do next was hit another button to reel the wire in.

And not a second too late. As the assassin whizzed towards the window ledge, a guard walked around the corner, gun at his side. He didn't seem to have heard anything and merely continued to walk his rounds.

Raven, above him, silently cut a hole out of the pane of glass with a device Professor Pike had created. The little machine stuck to the glass and had a handle on it so that she could slowly lever the pane out onto the floor inside without dropping it and smashing. She climbed through the entrance she'd made and waited for her eyes to adjust to her surroundings after the glare of the lights outside.

The woman was in a bare room, the walls peeling plaster and cobwebs strung between them. The bulb hanging from the centre of the ceiling had been smashed and the glass lay scattered everywhere.

\_Well, looks can be deceiving\_, she mused.

Raven glanced around quickly for a door and found one to her left. She headed for it, being careful to step away from boards that looked like they would creak.

There was a cobweb pulled taut across the room in front of her and she reached out to flick it away. But it wasn't an ordinary web. Very thin optical fibres had been planted all along it, disappearing into the roof.

As she touched the web a bright blue light suddenly flared from the fibres and a searing pain shot up her arm. The screen in her helmet cracked from the voltage sent through her and she screamed out, falling backwards.

Then all at once, guards poured in through the doorway and disarmed her, taking the katanas and equipment that she had. Her hands were chained behind her and she was forced to stand. But it was difficult. She felt light-headed and her knees were buckling beneath her. When she tried to speak nothing came out.

Someone grabbed her face and suddenly she was staring at Alexander. He had a nasty smile on his face and seemed smug.

"Well well well. Look what we have here. A little Raven brought in on the wind. How fortunate." He crooned. "Put her in the cell." The man continued, turning to a nearby guard.

"But sir?" He said, hesitantly. "We only have one cell. And the boy's in that one."

"I know. Put her in there. She won't be able to escape like this. Keep giving her small doses of a very high voltage and she won't be able to walk full stop. And surely the boy's no match for you?" Alexander asked, with a slight smile.

"No of course not." The guard replied, nodding.

"Good."

\* \* \*



><p>Otto sat back on the chair, his head tipped forward and his fingers pressed around his nose, from which blood dripped steadily. He had a tissue in his other hand, held under his face and Laura sat beside him, nursing a bruise on his cheek. She had a guilty look on her face and kept gulping nervously.<p>

"I'm sorry." She muttered for the millionth time.

"It'sh fine." Otto replied.

They were in a small medical room, a nurse quickly and efficiently filling out a report at her desk. She looked up at them with pinched eyes and scanned the flow of blood that had dried up..

"You'll be fine. I suggest you wash your face though before you leave." The woman said in a high harsh voice.

Otto nodded and stood up to go to the bathroom through a doorway nearby. He was in there a couple of minutes and when he came back, the only sign that he'd been hurt at all was the bruise.

Laura stood up and followed him out into the corridor. It was deserted and she glanced nervously at him.

"I really am..." She began.

"I know already!" He said, exasperated. "Just drop it."

They began walking down the passageway, not really comprehending where they were going. Then Otto lifted his head from his trainers and found that he recognised where they were. An idea began to form in his head.

"I need to talk to Nero." He said. Laura looked up surprised.

"Okay. His door's just over there." She said, pointing.

The boy strode over to the door and pulled at the handle. It didn't open.

"Looks like he's somewhere else." Laura said, with a small smile.

"I'll wait for him to come back then." Otto said, folding his arms and leaning against the wall.

"I'll wait with you then." She replied.

"No. It's okay. I'm hungry. Could you get me something to eat?" The boy asked.

"Yeah. What would you like?" Laura said.

"Erm... Anything will do." Otto replied, shrugging. The girl nodded and walked away down the corridor. But before she got to the corner she turned back.

"You'll still be there, won't you?" She asked, frowning.

"Yeah. Course." He replied, with a smile. Laura nodded again and then

disappeared around the bend.

Otto didn't wait. He dropped onto his haunches and pulled the screw from the detention centre out of his pocket. With trembling fingers, he slotted it into the keyhole and began jiggling it around. The door clicked and swung open.

He was at once up and in the room. As the boy walked over to the desk he noted how very neat and tidy the place was. \_Just like last time\_, he thought.

Otto turned to the computer on the table and switched it on. Within seconds a window had popped up asking for a password. But it was no match for his hacking skills. He was through and into Nero's personal files within a heartbeat.

After some searching, the boy clicked on a file marked blueprints and at once a window appeared with the aforementioned sketches. Otto scanned them quickly, committing the whole thing to memory. Once he'd finished he closed the files down.

Then unexpectedly, a small window materialised at the bottom of the screen, telling him he had a new message in his inbox. He hovered over it for a second, curious. In the end his curiosity won and he clicked it.

\_To: Nero\_

\_From: Raven\_

\_I've failed. They've taken my weapons and have me locked in a cell with Rick. He's hurt bad with whip marks all down his back. I'll do what I can for him. The place we're in is a mansion. It extends further underground than at first meets the eye. And be wary of traps. As soon as this message is sent I'll destroy my blackbox so that they can't use it. It's the one thing they haven't taken and is my only contact with you at H.I.V.E. but I must. \_

\_Be careful. I hope this helps.\_

As Otto read the message his eyes widened. And then suddenly he could hear footsteps coming his way.

The boy hurriedly shut down the computer. But when he turned to go, he realised that he wouldn't be able to leave without the person seeing. Instead he ducked under the desk. It was at right - angles to the door and so the side support hid him from view. As long as no - one walked in and looked down, he'd be fine.

Then suddenly the door opened and he quieted his breathing. A pair of shoes walked past and he realised that it was Nero. The man sat down in his chair and Otto shuffled backwards slightly.

There was clicking and tapping. A moment of silence. And then a gasp of breath, whether from pain or disbelief or shock, the boy didn't know. A snap followed it and then the man spoke.

"H.I.V.E. mind? Get Colonel Francisco here now!" Nero commanded.

\* \* \*

><p>In a little study, lined with bookshelves and furnished with a grand oak table, was Alexander. He sat on a rather big padded chair, tapping away at a small device in his hand. There was a beep and the man smiled. Then with a flourish he stood up and walked over to the french windows in front of him, gazing out at the lawn beyond.<p>

He frowned and glanced at the machine he'd been tapping at, as if he'd had a sudden thought. With a slow deliberate move, Alex let it drop. It fell to the floor with a thud. Then he brought his foot up and crushed it with his heel.

On the floor Raven's blackbox sparked and then went blank.

## 8. Chapter 8

**\*\*Thank you to all reviews last week. You feedback was just as great as ever. Now a special treat...\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY! (Please don't forget to tell me how you liked my treat. R&R)\*\***

### **\*\*Chapter 8\*\***

The door swung open and in strode Colonel Francisco, adorned in his usual army fatigues. Nero stood up from behind his desk and walked around to sit on the front of it. His hands were shaking and the man was trying hard to disguise it.

"We have a problem." He began, twisting his fingers and licking his lips slightly. "Raven's been caught..."

"And you need me and my team to go in and rescue both her and the boy?" Francisco finished.

"Yes. If you need more men I'm sure Darkdoom will be able to provide them and H.I.V.E. mind has the co - ordinates. You'll be going to a mansion, but that's all I can tell you and you'll find the captives underground." Nero replied.

"Will you not be coming?" He asked, frowning.

"Of course not. I have work here to do. But I'll go and get the shrouds prepared for you. Oh, and make a visit to Professor Pike. I think he has some new technology he wants to run by you." The man said. Colonel Francisco nodded and left briskly, issuing out orders on his blackbox as he walked.

Nero watched him leave and then turned back to his screen. He re - read the message again several times and then shut the computer down. With one last look around the room, he followed after the teacher, locking the door behind him.

Underneath the table, Otto stuck his head out to check that the coast was indeed clear. His eyes rested on the closed door and he scrambled from his hiding place, and ran over to it, wrenching at the handle. It didn't budge.

He dropped to his knees and used the screw again to open the door.

The lock clicked and he pulled it to, stepping calmly out into the corridor. There was no - one about and he quickly tried to re - lock it. But it didn't work this time and in his frustration the screw fell from his fingers. He figured he didn't have the time to continue trying to lock the door and stood up, brushing the dust from his trousers and striding off down the passageway in the direction he knew would lead to the hangar bay.

As Otto walked, he kept his eyes down and his hands in his pockets. No - one bothered him and he was surprised by how easy it was to move around.

Several minutes later he reached the corridor outside the hangar bay and the boy cautiously peered through the open doorway to the landing pad below. There were a couple of big aircrafts down there, but he didn't recognise which models they were. Nero was stood to one side, watching men load up equipment and biting his nails.

Otto glanced around quickly, looking for a possible route into the cavern. There weren't any. But he needed to be on the shroud when it left. These people were going to find Rick. And he needed to know whether they were telling the truth. And there was only one way he was going to do that; by seeing him face to face.

The boy frowned and then smiled. He straightened up and then unexpectedly walked out onto the staircase heading down towards the cavern floor. And he reached the landing pad without any confrontations. It seemed as if no - one had even seen him. Nero was focused on staring at the ground in thought. The technicians moving around carrying crates didn't seem to care and before he knew it, Otto was walking up the ramp of the shroud, furthest from the teacher.

Once inside he ducked down behind some boxes in the far corner, grabbing a spare tarpaulin and pulling it over himself. And not a moment too soon.

Footsteps suddenly sounded on the ramp and the space inside began filling up. Otto squished down further and tried to get comfortable. After a couple of minutes, a vibration started up in the ship and he felt his stomach drop through the floor as it rose into the air.

He'd escaped. But had he made the right decision?

\* \* \*

><p>Nero strode down the corridor, running his hand through his hair. He was worried. This should have been an easy task for Raven and yet she'd been captured. And now he had sent Francisco along with a team to finish the job. But something kept tickling the back of his mind. Something wasn't right. He just didn't know what.<p>

He turned the corner and stopped dead in his tracks. Laura was stood at the door to his office.

"Yes what do you want?" He asked, walking over to her, a weird feeling settling in his stomach.

"Erm... I was looking for Otto. He said that he wanted to ask you

something. Have you seen him?" She said, licking her lips nervously.

"No I haven't." Nero replied.

"He said he was going to wait here for you..." Laura continued.

"Well he wasn't here..." The man said, apologetically, moving over to the door. He pulled out his keys and tried to open the lock. It didn't turn.

Nero frowned, taking the key out of the hole and pushed the handle. The door swung open.

"Is everything alright sir?" Laura asked.

"This door was locked. I know because I always lock it before I leave. And no way would I forget twice in a row." Nero muttered to himself. He stepped back and stood on something.

The man looked down and lifted his foot. On the floor was a screw. He bent down and picked it up.

"Sir?" Laura asked.

"Otto..." Nero whispered. He dropped the screw and hurriedly walked into the office, Laura following. "H.I.V.E. mind?"

The A.I.'s wireframe face appeared on the screen upon the wall and he smiled.

"Yes? How can I help?" He said politely.

"Bring up the security cameras for the corridor outside." Nero said. H.I.V.E. mind nodded and then was replaced by a video feed.

"Rewind it to about fifteen minutes ago." He continued. The A.I. obliged.

The two of them watched until Laura and Otto could be seen walking down the passageway. They were talking and then the girl left. As soon as she did, the boy was on his knees and opening the door.

Nero's eyes widened. He watched as he himself appeared on screen and then as Francisco came and went. Then he finally left, locking the door behind him. A couple of minutes later, Otto walked out and tried to re - lock the door. But he seemed to give up and left hurriedly. Not long after Laura walked on screen.

"That's enough." Nero said, and the monitor went blank. "Can you track down exactly where Otto decided to go after this?"

"He was headed for the hangar bay. I have no record of him after that." H.I.V.E. mind replied.

"The shrouds..." The man whispered horrified. "Contact Francisco. He needs to know that Otto is on board."

There was a pause.

"I can't seem to make contact with them sir." H.I.V.E. mind said.

"What?" Nero asked.

"Communications seem to have broken down. We can't make contact with them." The A.I. answered.

"Thank you. Could you do one more thing for me? Tell the technicians down at the hangar bay to load up the last aircraft. I'll be leaving in five minutes." Nero said.

Laura watched him walk out of his office and followed after him. Surreptitiously, she pulled out her blackbox and sent a message to Shelby and Wing.

\_Meet at Hangar Bay.\_

\_We're going to get Otto and Rick.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Shelby pulled out her blackbox and glanced at the message. She rolled her eyes at Wing who was sat on the opposite sofa. They were both in their accommodation block, trying to revise and she'd been complaining only moments ago how bored she was.<p>

"Looks like Otto's gone missing. I think it's time for another adventure." She said smiling.

"Don't you ever get enough of near death experiences?" Wing asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Nope. Come on. We best hurry. Laura says we have to meet her at the hangar bay." Shelby continued, standing up and pulling her boyfriend after her.

On a balcony overlooking them, Franz frowned.

"I am thinking that there is more danger coming." He said to Nigel who was sat on the floor, his back pressed against the rail.

"So? Let's just stay here for once. Besides my dad won't let me leave even if it wasn't dangerous." The boy replied.

"That is being okay with me. Are you being hungry? I think I am going to be visiting the kitchen soon." Franz said, happily.

"You know what? Yes I am. Get me a cookie would you?" Nigel replied.

## 9. Chapter 9

\*\*Thank you all so very much those few of you that reviewed! :D Here's the next chapter. If you have any questions don't hesitate to ask. :S\*\*

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 9\*\***

Rick was sat back against the far wall, his knees drawn up and his head leant back on the bricks. His mouth felt dry from lack of water and the room kept blurring. He was sweating even though he was cold and the pain from his back wounds had dulled to a constant throb.

There was a thud and the jingle of keys. Then the door was pushed open and someone was thrown in. Rick didn't look over to see who it was. He was staring up at the ceiling, trying to get rid of the dizziness that kept coming over him.

He heard the door close and shut his eyes, breathing deeply. The room was spinning again.

When he opened them, the light looked brighter and his eyes hurt. The boy frowned against the glare and glanced over to the figure who'd been thrown in with him. Whoever it was didn't seem to be breathing.

Reluctantly Rick moved onto his knees and, groaning, crawled over to the person. As he got closer his eyes widened in shock. The boy recognised who it was. Raven.

Her eyes were closed and her skin pale. Veins throbbed blue along the woman's hands and her breathing was shallow.

Rick reached out to check her pulse. His fingers brushed her neck lightly and he flinched back. The boy had been given an electric shock from her skin.

He felt the room begin to spin again and fell onto his side, eyes closing. Behind his eyelids he could see a whole network of crackling electricity against a black backdrop, of all different colours and brightness. They swirled around him and he felt drawn to them.

Then suddenly it seemed as if he was travelling very fast towards an electric tunnel, the walls flashing red. He sped down it for what seemed ages until it disappeared.

\_What the heck is going on?\_

\_Where am I?\_

\_Is this a dream?\_

\_What happened to Raven?\_

\_What's happening to me?\_

\_How long have I been here?\_

\_Why do I feel sick?\_

The questions came from him in an unstoppable tide. He felt weightless in the darkness that ensued. Then he realised that his eyes were closed.

Rick cautiously opened them...

\* \* \*

><p>"Where are you going?" Darkdoom asked, frowning. He and Nero were stood in the hangar bay, waiting for preparations to be completed. The doors up above hung open, a mellow light flooding the cavern. Beyond it, blue skies stretched away to the horizon.<p>

"I'm going after the shroud I just sent. Otto is on it and communications are down." The man replied.

"So? I'll go then. You need to stay here and look after H.I.V.E." Diabolus continued.

"No you don't understand. I have to go." Nero said, glancing around.

"Why? Why do you have to go?" Darkdoom asked, throwing his arms out wide. "Give me an explanation."

"Because of my brother. I'm going to have to confront him sooner or later. He's my little brother. I can't abandon him." The man said quietly.

"Okay then. I'll stay and watch over H.I.V.E. for you. But it's only temporary. I expect you back as soon as is possible. Understood? I don't want to lose a good friend." Diabolus said with a slight smile.

"Of course. I have no intention of dying believe me." Nero said. They clasped hands briefly and then Darkdoom left, climbing the stairs out of the hangar bay.

That's when Nero noticed the small group of students striding his way. He sighed inwardly and folded his arms as they approached.

"We're coming with you." Shelby said firmly, stopping in front of him.

"And what makes you think that?" The man asked, one eyebrow raised.

"Well you're going to save Otto and you're going to need our help. He's our friend after all." Shelby said smugly.

"Hmm... Let me think. No. I don't need your help." Nero replied.

"Well we're still coming. And you can't stop us." Wing said, threateningly.

"Really? So you've somehow found a way to counteract the effects of a sleeper have you?" The man asked, with a smile. "Look. I know you want to help. But the best thing that you can do right now is stay here and keep yourselves away from danger."

"But...?" Shelby began.



"But nothing. Go back to your accommodation block and stay there." Nero said firmly. He glanced around at them all and then frowned as he saw Laura. She had her eyes closed and was muttering to herself.

"What happened to Raven? What's happening to me? How long have I been here? Why do I feel sick?" The girl continued.

By now Shelby and Wing were also watching, confused. They glanced at each other and then all three of them leaned closer as Laura opened her eyes.

"This is definitely a dream..." She said, her eyes searching.

"Laura?" Nero asked, uncertainly.

"What? Do I look like a girl to you?" She said, spinning around to see if he'd been talking to someone else. The man raised his eyebrow in confusion.

"Are you feeling okay?" Shelby asked.

"No. Of course not. I've been whipped and starved and now I feel really really sick." Laura continued, gulping. "I've never been sick in a dream before."

"Would you like some water?" Wing asked, cautiously.

"Yeah, that would be..." Suddenly the girl winced, gritting her teeth. Then her features relaxed and her eyes went blank.

"Laura?" Shelby said, worried.

Nero frowned and stepped forward, clicking his fingers in front of her face. The girl turned her face, blinking slowly as if from a deep sleep.

"What happened?" She whispered.

\* \* \*

><p>"I've never been sick in a dream before." Rick said, clutching his stomach.<p>

"Would you like some water?" Wing asked cautiously. The boy looked taller than the last time he'd seen him.

"Yeah, that would be..." Suddenly he winced. There was a searing pain in his back and the world was spinning again. Then he was sliding down the same red electric tunnel. The lights around him disappeared and his eyes snapped open.

Rick was back in the cell. He was lying on his wounds and they were sending stabs of pain through him. The boy rolled onto his front and the pain eased slightly.

Beside him Raven was moaning softly. He sighed and got up onto his hands and knees. That's when he noticed the bottle of water and plate

of bread. He picked up the former and opened it, about to drink. But then he changed his mind, seeing that the assassin needed it more than him. He lifted Raven's head from the floor, gently pouring some of the liquid into her mouth. She licked her lips and he gave her some more before having some himself. This time though he didn't finish it all but kept some just in case. The bread he left untouched.

Then the boy sat back against the wall beside her and tried to get some sleep. He closed his eyes and frowned. The crackling electric tunnels were still there. Blues, greens, yellows, golds, silvers, blacks if that was possible. He opened his eyes and could still vaguely see them.

"What's wrong with me?" Rick asked himself. Then he had another thought.

"Wait, that was dream right?" He said to the walls around him. Silence greeted the question.

## 10. Chapter 10

**\*\*Thanks to everyone who reviewed! I love you guys!  
:D\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 10\*\***

Laura tipped on her feet and almost fell backwards, but for the intervention of Wing, who caught her before she could. He quickly set her down on a nearby crate and held her upright. Nero was busy motioning to a technician to bring water, anxiously glancing at the girl as he did so. The bottle came a couple of minutes later and Shelby opened it, helping Laura to drink.

"How are you feeling?" The man asked, dropping to his haunches so that they were on the same level.

"Sick." She replied, gulping. "What happened?"

"Erm..." Nero was at a loss for an explanation. He looked to the blond girl for help.

"Well don't look at me. I didn't do anything." Shelby said, hands held up.

"I know that." He said, gritting his teeth. "Any ideas on what may have happened?"

"She was possessed?" The girl said.

"That's not possible." Nero said, shaking his head.

"What? Don't believe in ghosts?" She said mockingly.

"It's not that. The only person... thing that I can think of who can possess someone, is Overlord." The man replied.

"Overlord?" Laura squeaked, eyes wide.

"It wasn't Overlord." Shelby said, firmly. "But she was possessed by someone. Maybe Otto?"

"Otto?" Wing said in disbelief. "No it wasn't him. He can only interface with electrical devices. Not people."

"Then who? It must've been a boy." The girl continued.

"Rick?" Laura said quietly.

"What?" The three of them said simultaneously.

"Maybe it was Rick. He was also created by Overlord. We don't know everything about him yet." She replied.

"Maybe..." Nero said, thinking. "You said that you'd been whipped and starved. And you mentioned Raven..."

"How though?" Shelby asked confused. "How did he do that?"

"I don't think he knew what was happening himself." Wing said with a smile. "He thought it was a dream."

"It doesn't matter how he's doing it. What does matter is that he has a way of communicating with us. With Laura. Maybe the rest of you." Nero said to himself.

"Which means you're going to have to take us with you." Shelby finished with a triumphant smile, arms folded.

The man frowned and stood up. A technician was coming their way with a tablet display in his hands.

"You're all set to leave. In you own time sir." He said quickly. Then he left to re - check the shroud's systems.

"Tick tock." Shelby said.

Nero sighed and looked over at the aircraft. He couldn't leave them now. What if Rick possessed one of them again? He needed to be there to hear what the boy said. And to make sure the person he talked through was alright after. But most of all, he needed to know more about Raven.

"Okay." The man said, nodding. "You can come. On one condition. You do exactly as I say. Understood?"

"Crystal clear." Shelby replied, smiling back at her friends.

\* \* \*

><p>Otto's eyes snapped open and it took him a moment to remember where he was; behind some crates in the back of an aircraft, under a tarpaulin. The shroud was vibrating with the force of the engines and the movement made him feel sick. It didn't help that the space he occupied was stuffy, hot and uncomfortable. One of the boxes was digging into his side and his head was bent at an angle so that he could stay out of sight.<p>

The boy grimaced, gritting his teeth. His legs had fallen asleep and now pins and needles had set in. He desperately wanted to stand up and move but keeping hidden was more important. So he endured it and tried to fall back to sleep.

Not long after one of the guards came and sat on the crate he was behind and Otto almost jumped up into view. His eyes widened and he sank further back into the shadows, trying to quieten his breathing. Then he realised it wasn't just any guard. It was Colonel Francisco and he was talking.

"We'll be arriving in five minutes. I want everyone geared up and ready to move out. The scouts will parachute in and check out the security while the rest of us, secure a landing site. Understood?" The man said.

"Yes sir!" Came the reply from the assembled men.

"Good. Professor Pike has also given us some new weapons." Colonel Francisco continued. He stood up and moved out of sight. But it wasn't long until he returned with a crow bar.

The man pushed the tool into a gap in the crate and levered it open, the lid crashing down on top of Otto. He stifled a cry and peered past the sheet of wood, watching as Francisco pulled out several items that looked like ordinary machine guns.

"These weapons are light - proof and are fitted with multiple projectiles, bullets, grenades and even arrows. Each one is also equipped with a powerful beam, tracking device and self - destruct should it fall into the wrong hands. I'm also told that it can be used as a flamethrower and that a switch makes it non - lethal just in case we want to take prisoners."

"We're here!" A voice shouted from the cockpit.

"Right. Parachuters get ready to jump!" Francisco commanded. He quickly pulled out several more weapons and threw them to his men, who caught them with practised precision. Then the door to the shroud was pulled open, a deafening roar entering the little room. The guards with bags strapped to their backs and goggles over their eyes, lined up at the opening, the wind tearing at them.

Otto suddenly realised that he didn't have a clue how to leave the shroud unseen. If they landed, some of the men would stay to look after their escape vehicle and would surely see him if he tried to walk out. And he'd easily be chased down. But if he left while they were still in the air...

From his position, he could see that they were flying over what looked like a forest. And it was only a couple of hundred feet below them. A man could survive that drop without a parachute, couldn't they?

"On my mark! One! Two! Drop!" The Colonel shouted. As one, the guards jumped out of the aircraft, disappearing into the dark sky beyond.

Otto didn't think twice. He was up and out of the little space behind

the crates and running for freedom as soon as the men left. Francisco's head snapped round as he ran past and he snatched at the boy, gripping onto his shirt.

"Otto?" He said in disbelief, his eyes widening. The boy turned round to face him and delivered a fast punch to the jaw. Francisco was momentarily stunned and his grip loosened on the student.

Otto immediately leaped for the doorway, twisting free and without stopping, jumped out into the air.

He was at once falling, spread - eagled on his front, the treetops below, rushing up to meet him. Up above, Francisco was watching from the open door, leaning out precariously. Then without warning the shroud suddenly jerked of course, tipping him out into the air. A second later it burst into flames as a projectile hit it's side, smoke rising into the sky. It began to descend, the rotors slowing and without any up thrust, crashed into the ground below, orange fire lighting up the surrounding area.

\* \* \*

><p>Nero was at at the back of the aircraft, twiddling his thumbs idly. Beside him sat Wing and Shelby, the latter fast asleep. Opposite him, Laura lay across several seats, eyes open and staring. He could tell that she was thinking but he didn't know what it was about. Probably Otto. Or maybe Rick?<p>

"ETA twenty minutes!" The pilot shouted.

Wing sighed and gently stroked his girlfriend's hair. She was leant against him, breathing softly.

"Do you think Otto will ever remember?" Laura asked suddenly.

"I don't know." Nero replied. "I hope so, otherwise we're going to have one heck of a job trying to get him to trust us."

"Do you think Rick will be alright?" She continued.

"Of course. He's like Otto. Stubborn and resourceful and determined." Wing said with a small smile.

"Do you think Raven has found him yet?" Laura said, her eyes on Nero. The man squirmed slightly in his seat.

"Yes she has. But she was captured. That's why I sent Francisco." He replied. Beside him Wing raised an eyebrow.

"There's not much that can stop Raven. We should be worried." The boy said thoughtfully.

"I'm sure we'll be fine."

"What if Rick is dead? I mean he could be. We don't know anything about what's happening to either him or Raven..." Laura suddenly stopped as Wing interrupted her.

"I'm fine. And Raven's unconcious. She won't wake up. I don't know what's wrong with her though."

"Rick?" Nero asked cautiously.

## 11. Chapter 11

**\*\*Thank you all to your very motivational reviews! Here's the next installment...\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 11\*\***

Wing frowned. Beside him, Nero was slowly edging onto a seat opposite, looking decidedly uncomfortable. Meanwhile Laura was hurriedly sitting up, her legs crossed beneath her. She leaned forward, waiting for the boy's reaction.

"This isn't a dream is it?" He whispered, uncertainly.

"No." Nero and Laura replied simultaneously. They glanced at each other and then turned back to him.

"So are you Rick?" The man asked, slightly confused.

"Course I'm Rick. Who do I look like?" Wing snapped back.

"You really want us to answer that?" Laura said, with a small smile.

"Yes. Because I have one killer headache at the moment and you're not helping." He continued, gritting his teeth. The expression looked odd on the boy.

"Well you're somehow possessing Wing." Nero explained, running a hand through his hair.

"Possessing? How's that possible?" The boy asked, frowning some more. He seemed about to make a move to stand up but then he realised that Shelby was leaning against him and stopped.

"No idea. But first what was that about Raven?" Nero asked, elbows on his knees. Beside him, Laura rolled her eyes.

"She's unconcious. When I checked her pulse I got an electric shock and then passed out. But I wasn't passed out. I was in the hangar bay with you and Wing and Shelby..." He trailed off.

"Yeah that's when you were possessing Laura." Nero said thoughtfully. "And you can't wake her up? Maybe she's been given something to subdue her?"

"I was possessing Laura?" Wing asked shocked.

"Yeah you were." The red - head replied, pulling a face. Then without warning her eyes brightened. "Oh my gosh! You said the microchip in your head was inactive. But you were electrocuted along with Otto. So maybe something happened and that's why you can possess people..."

Silence fell as the trio stopped to consider what the girl had just said. They looked at each other with wide eyes, as understanding dawned on them.

Shelby suddenly rolled over and stretched, yawning. Opening her eyes she glanced up at Wing and grinned. Laura suppressed a smile at the look of fear that passed over his face.

"Are we there yet?" The blond girl asked.

"No." Nero replied. "But we will be soon. By the way we have a guest."

"A guest?" Shelby asked, sitting up. She looked around, dubiously. "Who?"

"Rick." Laura said.

"Rick? Who's he possessed now?" The girl continued, frowning. Beside her, Wing slowly raised his hand.

"What?" Shelby asked, eyes wide. "You're Rick?" He nodded, licking his lips nervously. For a moment, nothing happened. And then the girl lashed out hitting him with the palms of her hands.

"Get out of him right now!" She screamed. Wing lurched out of his seat and almost toppled over onto the floor, but Nero caught him before he could.

"He's taller than I thought." The boy whispered to himself.

"Shelby, we need Rick here to help us, so no he isn't going anywhere." Nero said firmly.

"But I want Wing back..." She said quietly.

"Footsteps..." The boy muttered and then his eyes rolled up into his head. The man struggled to hold him up and had to quickly lower him to the floor, none too gently either.

"Wing? Wing!" Shelby cried, eyes wide. She was knelt beside him, gripping his hand.

Several seconds passed and nothing happened. Her heart skipped and her breath caught in her throat. But then the boy began moaning softly and slowly opened his eyes to a squint.

"What just happened?" Wing mumbled.

"Rick did. I'm gonna kill him. You just watch. He's a dead man." And Shelby gripped him around the neck and kissed him, tears falling.

\* \* \*

><p>His eyes snapped open and it took him a second to remember where he was. He licked his lips, dry from thirst and glanced over to his left. Raven was still unconscious, her breathing shallow. Beside her was the water he'd saved for later.<p>

There was a muffled thud and dust rained down from the ceiling. He

could vaguely hear people shouting in the distance but that was it. Silence. Except for the footsteps.

Rick frowned, ignoring the crystal clear liquid and thought back to what had just happened. So he could possess people? But how? Laura had reckoned it was the microchip in his head. But then why people? And would it work with anyone? If it did, maybe he could try to possess Alex...

The door suddenly crashed open, startling the boy. Two guards marched in, followed by the blond man. He smiled viciously, his eyes gleaming in the light.

"What do you want?" Rick asked resignedly. He shifted slightly and winced, pain lashing up his back.

"Oh nothing much. Just your body. Overlord needs a new home you see and well we don't have Otto so you'll just have to do for now." Alexander explained, his smile widening.

Rick gulped. He'd never met Overlord but he knew all about the rogue artificial intelligence. And he was pretty sure that his brother had said the A.I. was dead.

"But he's..." The boy began.

"What? Dead? It's not that difficult to replicate him you know, especially when you have some of the original seed core data from H.I.V.E. mind's files. They were brothers just like you and Otto. They share the same structure. And now Overlord needs a body."

"But..."

"Grab him." The man said to the guards. They immediately reached down to grip him by the arms. He fought back against them as much as he could, kicking and shouting and biting... but he was hurt and his energy drained quickly.

"Bring him to the lab." Alex commanded and then he walked out of the little room, his blond hair flashing in the light. Rick slumped against the men but they just dragged him with them, his legs sweeping across the floor. Before they entered the corridor he glanced back at Raven. She was still unconscious.

\* \* \*

><p>Pain lashed up his spine and there was a throbbing in his head. In the distance he could hear men shouting and weapons being fired. An intense heat radiated from his right and smoke billowed in the air above him, making it difficult to breathe.<p>

Otto opened his eyes to a squint and glanced around. The shroud was burning not far from him, orange flames licking up at the sky. The light hurt but he could just about make out men emerging from the forest around it, looking for survivors. He quickly rolled over onto his hands and knees, staying as low as possible and crawled under the leafy canopy, coughing from the thick smoke that billowed into the air.



The boy hurriedly hid behind a tree and peered out into the clearing. Some of the men were coming his way and they didn't look at all friendly. Plus they had what looked like hounds with them.

Otto frowned. He didn't want to be chased down by one of those. Turning, he sprinted further into the forest, jumping over tree roots and fallen branches. Then when he was looking back over his shoulder, he tripped.

The boy went sprawling in the dirt. He quickly stumbled to his feet and looked to see what he'd fallen over.

Otto's eyes widened. It was metal trapdoor, like that of those seen in a submarine. He glanced around and noticed that it should've been covered by leaves but they'd been scattered about.

He looked back to see if he was being watched. There was no - one around. With mounting anticipation, he bent down onto his knees and gripped the little wheel. Surprisingly, it spun easily and he soon had the hatch open.

Otto didn't think twice. He quickly lowered himself onto some ladders set into the tunnel wall and clamboured down into a white corridor. The boy shut the door with as clang, but kept the wheel turned so that he could easily open it if need be. Looking left and right, he found that he was alone.

With nothing better to do, he set off in a random direction, checking each passageway before he walked down them. Most of them seemed deserted and he figured that was because any guards were all fighting up top. But some of them were being patrolled by men in black combat fatigues and he avoided them.

Suddenly there were footsteps behind him and he glanced around, looking for an exit. But he was in the middle of a corridor and the only possible escape for him was a door to the left. He quickly gripped the handle and turned it, pushing on the door with his shoulder. Then just as quickly, he closed it behind him, as he entered the room.

The footsteps grew louder and then gradually receded. Otto breathed a sigh of relief and moved to take in the rest of the room.

The wall opposite him had a thick sheet of glass fitted into it and light poured in from the adjoining room. A table full of panel and screens lay directly underneath that, some of the buttons winking. Resting on a flat surface of the table was a gun.

Otto picked it up as he walked over to the panel, feeling it in his hands. Then he glanced into the room opposite. Several men dressed in protective suits were moving around a central tank filled with liquid. Wires trailed into it, but he couldn't see what they connected with. Looking around, he saw that this room also had panel and computers dotted around the room, ready to transfer data. On the wall directly opposite to this sheet of glass, was another sheet of glass and the boy could see a blond man that looked vaguely familiar watching the procession with a glint in his eyes. He stood on the opposite side of that sheet of glass, a whole room apart.

Otto shivered as he realised that they'd be able to see him. But

before he could duck out of view, the scientists caught his eye. They were leaving the room and entering the one with the blond man in it. And the previously hidden tank, became visible.

And the boy suspended there, in the liquid.

## 12. Chapter 12

**\*\*Thanks to everyone who read and reviewed! You're the best!  
\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 12\*\***

The boy was lying across the bottom of the tank, struggling against bonds around his wrists and ankles. He had longish brown hair and was dressed in jeans and trainers but was naked from the waist up. Needles dotted his arms and electrodes sat attached to his bare chest. A bluish liquid surrounded him and Otto was surprised that he hadn't drowned yet.

The boy twisted and pulled against his restraints. Liquid sloshed out onto the floor. Then suddenly he glanced up and his blue eyes found Otto watching through the glass. A shock passed through him, safe inside his room and he stumbled back a few steps as if he'd been physically hit.

The boy was identical to him. So Laura had been telling the truth. He had a twin brother. Rick... and he was about to be experimented on.

The boy frowned at him and bubbles rose from his lips. Across from them, the blond man looked up and caught sight of Otto. His eyes widened in anger. For a second nobody moved.

Then suddenly Otto reached forward and slammed his palm against a large red button. The door to his room that lead into the little lab swished open and he ran through it, gun raised.

The first bullet hit the tank and it imploded, shards washing onto the floor with the release of the liquid. The second bullet hit the panel to the side of the other door leading into the room with the blond man inside. Sparks flew and the door held fast.

"You took your time!" Rick shouted at him, half coughing up water.

Otto ignored him and pulled at the buckles on his bonds. With some effort he managed to undo them and his brother swung off of the table. Behind him, he could see that there was chaos in the other room.

"Come on!" Rick cried, pulling on the boy's arm. Together they sprinted through two doors and into the corridor, frantically gazing left and right.

"Which way?" The older boy asked. Otto looked at him, uncomprehending.

"Oh my gosh!" Rick continued. He gripped his brother by the arm once more and ran right, just as bullets flew through the air behind them. They quickly ducked around a bend, choosing their path randomly.

As the pursuing footsteps began to fade, Rick glanced back and stopped. He hurriedly opened a nearby door and shoved Otto in before him, closing the door quietly behind them both.

\* \* \*

><p>"Sir? There's an orange glow up ahead." The pilot said, peering into the gloom of the trees below. Nero was stood behind him, also scrutinising the skyline. It did seem that there was a bit too much light on the horizon, especially since it was way too early for the sun to be rising.<p>

"Land us here then. I'd rather like to be safe than sorry." Nero said, turning away. He descended the stairs leading from the cockpit into the main body of the ship, where his three students were waiting.

"So?" Shelby asked, leaning into Wing's shoulder. He was a little pale but otherwise none worse for the possession.

"Nothing. You're staying here, while me and the pilot check out the surroundings." The man replied. He moved over to the back of the aircraft and began rummaging through crates, as the shroud dipped forward. When he next turned around, there was a gun in his hand a spare katana sheathed at his belt.

"You can't stop us coming you know." Laura said, rising to her feet. The shroud touched ground and she moved over to the door to pull it open.

"Wait!" Nero said, gripping her wrist. "This is exactly why I'm not taking you three. You don't know how to behave on something like this and are likely to end up dead. So you're staying right here."

"He's right Laura. We'll only get in the way." Shelby said, eyes averted.

"But..." The red - head petered away. "Fine then. I guess you are the boss." She moved to sit down again and Nero frowned. He hadn't expected them to give up so easily.

There were footsteps and the pilot walked down from the cockpit.

"I've changed my mind. You can stay here and watch over them." Nero said, his voice firm. The pilot looked annoyed to be baby - sitting but nodded all the same.

Nero looked around once more at the three students. They didn't meet his gaze. Then against his better judgement, he pulled open the shroud door and jumped down onto the ground.

The clearing was empty of life. He glanced at the trees around him and the shadows among them. Nothing stirred. With trepidation, he walked into the forest, in the direction of the orange glow. It

wasn't long until he found a steel hatch, embedded into the floor, partially hidden by some leaves.

\* \* \*

><p>"Otto?" Rick was confused. Back in the corridor his brother had seemed dazed like he'd just seen a ghost or something. Now the boy was sat against the wall, eyes slightly glazed. The two of them had found their way into a little lounge room. There were sofas and a television though if it actually worked underground was anyone's guess. Other doors lead off but they hadn't decided to explore.<p>

"Dude answer me..." Rick said, worried. He dropped to his haunches so that he was at eye level with his brother. Otto finally looked up.

"Laura was right." He whispered.

"Right? Right about what?" Rick asked, wincing slightly from the cuts on his back.

"How can you exist?" Otto said, changing topic. He was frowning, totally at a loss.

"What do you mean 'how can you exist?'" We had this conversation about a week back. Remember in the boarded up house? Near the police station after I got shot and we were attacked?" His brother said, trying to make sense of what was happening.

"No I don't. Was I by any chance electrocuted?" Otto continued.

"Yes. In H.I.V.E. mind's central processing bay. We both were. Why? Because you're seriously freaking me out now."

"I erm..." The boy suddenly looked embarrassed.

"What?" Rick asked, exasperated.

"I sorta lost my memory." Otto finished.

"You what?" Rick asked, eyes widening.

"I lost my memory. Apparently three years of it. And I wrote 'Help Me' on the wall of the Detention centre. But I don't remember doing that either."

"No that was probably me." Rick said, frowning.

"What do you mean that was you?" Otto asked, confused.

"Long story. So wait. You don't know who I am do you?" Rick said with a small smile.

"No. Laura said your name was Rick, but I didn't believe her."

"Why not? She's your best friend."

"Yeah and she also told me that the school was attacked by a giant

carnivorous plant." Otto said sarcastically.

"Really? I didn't know that." Rick said, laughing.

"So...?"

"Yes I am your brother. And believe it or not I'm two months older than you so you have to do what I say."

"Two months?" Otto asked, eyes widening.

"Oh yeah. I forgot. You don't know about Overlord. Looks like you'll have to wait until your memory comes back because that story is even longer." Rick said standing up. He held out his hand and after a slight hesitation, Otto grasped it and rose to his feet.

"I have a big brother. You know you have sixteen years to make up for?"

"Yup. I'll try my best. Now..." Rick turned and stopped dead, his eyes widening.

Standing in the doorway of one of the doors leading out of the room was a girl about their age, with brown hair, styled in a french plait and hazel eyes, fiercely burning under her fringe. She was dressed in a pair of shorts, a checkered shirt and hiking boots. Rick gulped. She was pretty. Maybe even beyond that. Then he frowned as he realised that she held her hand out towards them, a gun peeking out from inside her palm.

### 13. Chapter 13

\*\*Thanks to all who reviewed! Here's some flowers for you all...  
lol.\*\*

\*\*ENJOY!\*\*

\*\*Chapter 13\*\*

The gun fired, smoke billowing into the air. Otto, always fast to react, pushed Rick to the floor behind a sofa and ducked, rolling closer to the girl. She fired again, the gun bucking in her hand, the bullet lodging deep into the wall behind them. Otto peered around his own couch and saw that the girl was struggling with the weapon; it had jammed. Using the distraction to his advantage he leapt up and gripped her wrist. But she wasn't giving in that easily. The gun fired again and the bullet grazed his arm. He ignored it and pushed her back against the wall, wrestling the gun from her grasp. She kned him and he groaned slumping to the floor, the memory of his brief tustle with Wing all too clear.

The gun skittered across the floor and she dived for it. But Rick placed his foot on top and she changed course, crashing into his middle. They both tumbled to the floor, the girl clawing at the boy's face.

Otto turned onto his hands and knees, taking deep breaths and picked the gun up. He cocked it, the sound reverbrating around the room. Suddenly the two stopped and the girl slowly raised her hands. Rick

rolled away and stood up, dusting himself down. Some of the cuts on his bare back had opened and he gasped.

"Who are you?" Otto asked, wincing as he stood up.

"My name is Alianna. Who are you?" She retorted.

"Doesn't matter. Why are you here?" Rick asked, brushing his hair out of the way.

"Because I live here. Now answer my question..." She continued, standing up.

"You live here?" The two boys said, simultaneously.

"Yes with my dad..." Alianna explained.

"And he is...?" Otto asked, gun still raised.

"Alexander Nero of course. Now who are you and why are you here?" She asked again, hands on hips.

"Alexander Nero? Is he related to Nero by any chance?" Rick asked, confused.

"Who's Nero?" The girl said, frowning.

"Doesn't matter. You're coming with us." He continued, grabbing her arm.

"Why?" Alianna asked, her eyes widening in fear. She tried to pull her arm away but his grip was too strong and the gun persuaded her not to lash out at him.

"We might need a hostage." Rick said with a smile. His brother rolled his eyes but followed them to the door all the same, weapon raised.

They quietly opened the door and peered down the length of the corridor. It was empty. Then they quietly slipped out of the room, Rick placing his hand over the girl's mouth. She tried to bite him so he wrapped his arm around her neck instead.

Together the trio walked down the passageway. Otto froze and pulled the others to a stop as he heard footsteps running towards them. There wasn't enough time to hide. Three people came pounding around the corner, abruptly stopping as they saw the small group.

Rick and Otto exchanged a glance, grinning. Standing breathless before them was Wing, Shelby and Laura.

\* \* \*

><p>Nero turned the corner, breathing deeply. So far he hadn't come across any guards, which was strange. He'd expected to come up against a full assault team not empty corridors.<p>

A door suddenly opened up ahead and he gripped his gun tighter, gulping. A foot walked through the door, followed by expensive cream clothing. A face turned to survey the passageway. A pair of eyes

widened in recognition as they alighted on the man stood there.

"Alex!" Nero shouted, his finger automatically pulling the trigger. His brother ducked and spun around, his blond hair glinting, as he ran. The bullet bounced harmlessly off the wall.

Heart pounding, Nero chased after him, sliding around corners and firing his weapon at the few guards he came across. His brother was always out of reach though, flying around a bend just as the man entered the corridor.

Nero turned yet another corner and glimpsed his brother ascending a flight of stairs. He ran after him, jumping the steps two at a time and crashing through the double doors at the top.

The man paused. He wasn't underground anymore.

Nero found himself on the edge of the entrance hall to the mansion, floor to ceiling windows, displaying an impressive lawn out front. He glanced around at the sweeping staircase and the crystal chandelier above him, glittering. There were engravings all around the walls and statues in every corner. For a moment, he was in awe.

Then suddenly there was a swish and he spun around, his gun connecting with the sharp edge of a sword. He jumped back, the weapon clattering to the ground and drew the katana at his belt.

"Well well big brother. Just like old times." Alex said, a sneer on his face.

"What happened to you?" Nero asked, frowning.

"What happened to me? Like you give a damn!" The blond man shouted. He charged forward, the sword edge glinting and slashed.

Nero countered the blow and tried to get in close to grab the weapon. But his brother hit him in the face with his elbow and he staggered back, a bruise forming under his eye. Alex then swung again and the man ducked under the blow, ramming into the other man's middle. They both tumbled to the floor, but were fast to regain their feet.

"What are you going to do? Kill me?" Alex asked, wiping blood from his lip. "Your own brother?"

"If I have to yes." Nero replied, attacking first.

The two blades clashed again, screeching. Alex lashed out with his fist and Nero gripped his arm, kicking him behind the knees. His brother collapsed on the floor, groaning and the older man lifted his weapon, ready to strike the killing blow.

"Don't..."

Nero paused. Then his arms dropped and the katana fell from his fingers. He staggered back, horrified that he'd been about to kill his brother. Alex smiled at the look of fear on the other man's face.

"Couldn't do it could you?" He whispered.

Suddenly, Nero felt an arm grip him around the neck. He struggled against it, lashing out at the person trying to strangle him. The man drove his elbow into their middle as they drew their gun and spun behind them. Alex meanwhile was rising to his feet, and pulling a revolver from his inside pocket.

The guard turned to fire the gun at Nero but he gripped his arm and the bullet soared into the air, hitting the chandelier. Then he knocked the weapon from his assaulter's hand and punched him square in the face. The man dropped like a stone.

Behind them, Alex lifted the revolver and aimed it. His finger squeezed on the trigger.

Suddenly there was a crash and Nero spun around. His eyes widened and his knees buckled. The man dropped to the floor, a cry escaping his lips and tears falling from his eyes.

The chandelier had fallen.

\* \* \*

><p>"So you were right?" Otto said, breaking the silence.<p>

"Is that it? I was right." Laura asked, incredulous.

"What? You want an apology? I'm sorry I didn't believe you okay? But seriously after that rubbish about a giant carnivorous plant..." The boy continued.

"That actually happened!" Shelby said. Rick raised his eyebrows at her. "It did! And you! You have no right to possess Wing!"

"Possess Wing?" Otto asked, confused.

"Doesn't matter. I'm sorry Shelby. Oh and sorry Wing. I didn't mean to." Rick apologised.

"That's fine. Can we go now? We've found Otto and I reckon we should get back to the shroud before Nero finds us missing." Wing said, trying to hurry them along.

"Is that the only reason you guys came? To get Otto? That makes me feel great that does." Rick said, sarcastically.

"Yeah well you seem a bit pre - occupied strangling that girl." Shelby said.

"Oh..." Rick suddenly loosened his arm from around Alianna.

"Help!" She screamed. The boy hurriedly placed his hand over her mouth and she bit him. He let go, cursing, his other hand still on her arm. She tried to pull away still screaming. "Help!"

Shelby grit her teeth, annoyed by her girlish screams and slapped her hard across the face. She shut up immediatley.

"Grow up would you? If we wanted to kill you we'd have done so by now and do you really think a bunch of teenagers would do anything to



you?"

"Have I ever gotten on the wrong side of Shelby?" Otto asked Laura. She frowned and shrugged.

"Who is she?" The girl asked back.

"My name's Alianna. And who are you guys?" She seemed to have recovered from the shock of the slap.

"Laura. What are you doing here? Were you a captive as well?"

"Was I heck! I live here with my dad Alexander Nero. And you guys are criminals seeing as though you've broken and entered into our home."

"Live underground often do you?" Shelby asked, sarcastically.

"Well yeah. Because of the toxic radiation outside. No - one can live on the suface of this planet anymore. You must be stupid if you don't know that." Alianna replied.

"You're the one who's stupid believing that. We've just come from up above. Do we look sick to you?" Shelby continued. Wing behind her was frowning in concern.

"Well he's got white hair from radiation poisoning..."

"No I don't!" Otto interjected. "I've always had white hair and it's not because of any poisoning. You're dad's been lying to you."

"He wouldn't lie! He wouldn't..."

"Do you know you have an uncle?" Laura asked.

"Yes but he's dead..."

"Not quite." She replied.

"We should really be going..." Wing said again, nervously checking around the corner.

"Yeah you're right." Shelby said, tiredly. She began walking, her boyfriend beside her.

"You can come with us and we'll prove it to you." Laura said. The girl frowned and then hesitantly nodded. Rick let go of her arm.

"Wait! What about Raven?" He said. Everyone suddenly stopped, guilty at having forgotten her.

## 14. Chapter 14

**\*\*Thanks for the two reviews I recieved!\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 14\*\***

"Maybe Nero's found her already." Shelby said, trying to reassure the rest of them.

"And if he hasn't?" Laura asked. "We can't leave her. She's saved our lives more times than I can remember."

"Someone needs to go and check then. I'll do it." Otto said, volunteering.

"Me too." Rick said.

"No. You're hurt. You go with the girls. Wing won't mind coming will you?" The white - haired boy asked. His friend looked reluctant but nodded all the same.

"What! No! He's staying with me!" Shelby interrupted.

"Wing? Tell your girlfriend she can't tell you what to do." Rick said.

"That's ironic I believe. First you can stop telling me what to do." The taller boy replied.

"What?" Rick said, eyes widening. "Are you joking or being serious?"

"Deadly serious." Wing said, his face betraying no emotion.

Otto rolled his eyes and turned away, the conversation behind him intensifying by the minute. He glanced wearily down the corridor. If anyone was coming their way they'd be able to hear them but the group wouldn't know until the bullets were flying through the air.

"Are you alright?" Laura asked, coming up behind him. He could see behind her that the other three were still fighting.

"Yeah. But if anyone comes were sitting ducks." The boy replied.

"She'll give in eventually don't worry..." She replied.

"Why hasn't whoever watches the cameras not sent someone down here yet?" Otto asked, frowning.

"No idea. But... I guess you're probably dealing with the cameras." The girl replied.

"Meaning?"

"Nothing. Otto, where are you?"

"What?" He asked, thoroughly confused. "I'm standing right in front of you."

"No, I meant your memory." Laura laughed.

"Well if I knew where that was, I'd have gone there first instead of coming here." He said, glancing around again. Then as he turned back, he felt a slight pressure against his lips and closed his eyes. When

he pulled away, Laura was smiling at him, a pink blush creeping up her face.

"What was that for?" Otto asked.

"It was an incentive for you to get your memories back as soon as possible." She replied, grinning.

"But I thought you liked Rick..." He said, uncertainly.

"What?" Laura said, indignant.

"Well..." Otto turned to look at the others and found that they'd quietened and were watching them, with their eyes wide. "You said that you were glad you'd kissed Rick, back when I was strapped down in the hospital bed."

"She said that? After she slapped me and all!" His brother said.

"You slapped him!" Otto asked, trying not to smile.

"Erm..." Laura looked uncomfortable, but then suddenly footsteps could be heard coming their way.

"Run!" Shelby shouted, immediately heading in the opposite direction. The rest followed, reaching the end of the corridor just as guards entered from the other end. Guns were fired and the group split; Wing and Otto running right while Rick and the girls ran left. Bullets ricketed off of the walls and the men shouted, chasing after them.

\* \* \*

><p>Nero found himself aimlessly walking along the underground corridors. He felt numb, like he'd just fallen off of the face of the Earth. The sounds of gunfire in the distance didn't register. Neither did the shouting or the smell of burning. Smoke was billowing along beside him, probably caused by the survivors of the first shroud, but he ignored it.<p>

Blood stained his shirt. His brother's blood.

In some ways it was good he was dead; that the chandelier had killed him. It meant that Nero wouldn't have had to do it. But Alex was still his brother. No matter what wrongs he'd done.

Suddenly the sounds of shooting grew in volume and the smell of smoke began to register with him. Footsteps seemed to be running full pelt in his direction.

The man looked up from his shoes and watched as Wing and Otto came hurtling around the corner.

"Nero!" They stopped in front of him, breathing heavily.

"Nero?" Wing said, frowning.

"Alexander is dead." The man replied, quietly.

"Isn't that a good thing?" Otto asked, glancing back fearfully.

"It would be, if he wasn't my brother."

"Your brother!" The boy said, shocked. He looked at Wing who didn't seem perturbed. "Well what's done is done I guess. We need to find Raven."

"Raven?" Nero said, eyes widening. "You haven't found her yet?" The two boys shook their heads.

"I can hack into the base's systems though and find out where she is." Otto said. He pushed past the man and entered a door further along, the others following. Thankfully it was empty and to their luck there was also a computer set at a desk.

The boy hurriedly hacked into the system using the keyboard and began looking for a map or some blueprints. It wasn't long until he found some and committed the whole thing to memory.

"Found her. They only have one cell, so I'm assuming she's there." Otto explained.

"Lead the way then." Nero commanded, worried he might lose yet another person that he loved.

The boy nodded and left at a run, his friend and teacher hot on his heels. Several corridors later, they came upon resistance.

Wing crashed into the men as they were entering the passageway. He managed to disable one of them, and threw the gun over to Nero who fired, killing three of them. Otto jumped onto the back of the last person and wrapped his arms around the man, cutting off his air supply. He fell unconscious.

"This way." The white - haired boy said, walking the rest of the distance. He turned the corner and stopped at a door. "She's in there."

"How do we get the door open?" Nero asked, pulling on the handle. Wing pushed past him and began kicking at it. Otto rolled his eyes.

"Wing? Wing?" He said. His friend eventually stopped and turned to see what he wanted. The boy was dangling a set of keys at him.

"Have I ever told you, brain over brawn, before?" Otto asked.

"No." His friend replied, honestly.

"Well I suggest you remember it." The boy said and he unlocked the door.

Nero immediately pulled it open and rushed in. The two students followed after him.

Raven was still lying where the guards had left her. She was pale and seemed to be barely breathing. Nero, bent over her, was checking her pulse.

"I don't know what's wrong with her." He said, looking at the boys.

Otto bent down beside him and touched the back of her hand. An electric shock passed through him and he flinched.

"What?" Nero asked, frowning.

"I think she's been electrocuted. It temporarily shorts the nervous system in a person's body and it seems that's what's happened here. She'll be fine. Just need to wait until the electric current has left her." Otto explained.

Nero nodded like he understood and gently lifted her up. "Let's go."

The white - haired boy stood up and almost fell back down again. Wing quickly grabbed him and sat him down.

"Just a little light - headed." Otto said.

"Have you eaten anything?" Nero asked.

"I had an apple." The boy said.

"You mean the apple you were eating when you first met the team?" Nero asked incredulously. "That was maybe twenty - fours hours ago or even longer."

"Well it's more than Shelby ever eats..." Otto retorted.

"What?" Wing asked.

"Shelby? Your blond girlfriend? The one who eats nothing and yet manages to exceed us all in physical activities? Well nearly all of us." The boy said, rubbing at his temples.

"Well she's had practise..." His friend said, watching Otto's reply carefully.

"I hardly think stealing jewellery from stores is called experience."

"Did you tell him that?" Nero asked Wing. The boy shook his head.

"Otto? I was thinking that because the Dreadnought was destroyed you might want to design another one for G.L.O.V.E.?" Nero continued, licking his lips.

"If you want me to. But we have to get out of here first." Otto replied, climbing to his feet. "Come on then."

"You didn't ask what the Dreadnought was." The man said.

"So? I know what the Dreadnought is."

"No you lost your memory." Wing said. Otto frowned.

"But... I..." The boy was speechless. "How's that possible? I didn't remember anything before we came into here, but now..."

"The electric shock. It effected Rick as well." Nero said, as a way

of an explanation.

"Looks like Shelby can't play her pranks on me after all." Otto said with a grin. "I'm back!"

"At least Laura will be happy." Wing said quietly.

## 15. Chapter 15

**\*\*A massive thank you to all who reviewed! Now for another chapter...\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 15\*\***

Francisco stumbled against a tree, blood dripping down his right arm. A bullet had hit him in the shoulder and pain stabbed at him everytime he took a breath. The smoke around him didn't help his breathing either. Tears ran down his face and he had to squint to see a little way ahead of him. Somewhere close by he knew that the shroud lay burning; flames consuming the craft were lighting up the sky.

The man blinked, trying to focus. Someone was shooting but he didn't know who. No it was more than one person. They didn't seem far off either.

With some difficulty, Francisco pushed himself from the tree and staggered forward through the smoke. He gripped at his shoulder as he walked, holding a gun out in front of him. Strange sounds floated upon the air. Footsteps running over hard - packed soil. Voices screaming. Voices whispering.

Falling to his knees, the man bent over and threw up onto the ground. He was a military man and yet here, in a war zone, he was struggling to even keep moving. Maybe he was getting too old for this.

Francisco staggered to his feet, rubbing at his eyes to clear away dirt and grit. It only made things worse. He could barely see now, the trees, motionless shadows. Pain stabbed up his arm and he moaned.

Leaning against an oak, he stopped to take a breather. The man slid down the trunk until he was sat on the ground, his legs flat against the soil.

Suddenly he started, his gun aiming into the forest around him. Footsteps were running his way. Several pairs of them. They drummed upon the earth like rain, increasing in tempo.

Francisco struggled to his feet and peered through the smoke and the branches, breathing heavily. A shadow flitted behind one of the trees and he swung his arm around.

The man pulled the trigger.

The gun bucked in his hand, smoke rising from it's barrel.

The bullet flew through the air, faster than thought, faster than sound.

A crack pierced the air. It was swiftly followed by a high - pitched scream, the sound resonating through the air.

The bullet had found it's mark.

Francisco began his slow forward shuffle towards his victim.

\* \* \*

><p>Rick and the girls had managed to find the hatch that led up to the forest floor. It hadn't been easy. Several men had chased them down the corridors and they'd had to shake them off first. Then, tired and struggling to breathe because of the smoke wafting through the passageways, they'd painstakingly searched for the way out and tried to avoid the guards.<p>

Now as he helped to pull the others out, he glanced around him. They were in a forest, mist swirling between the boughs. Gunfire sounded in the distance as did men's shouts and screams. This was the first time Rick had been outside in about a week. He breathed deeply as a breeze came past and smiled despite the cold. Then he looked up. He'd have liked to see the stars but to his dismay clouds hid them from view.

Alianna beside him was breathing heavily, panicking.

"What's wrong?" He asked, frowning.

"Nothing..." She whispered, gazing about her in awe. That's when the boy realised that this was the first time she'd ever been on the surface. If her story was to be believed.

"Come on! We have to get back to the shroud!" Shelby said, pulling him up. He stumbled to his feet and ran after her as they plunged into the trees.

Almost immediately, Rick tripped and went sprawling. He cried out and the others stopped for him, glancing around nervously.

"What's wrong?" Laura asked, walking back cautiously.

"I think I've sprained my ankle." He muttered, staggering to his feet. The boy gingerly tried to stand on his foot but it sent a stab of pain shooting up his leg.

"Why do you have to be so clumsy?" Shelby asked in frustration. Alianna beside her, suddenly spun around, the hairs prickling along her arms.

"Someone's here..." She whispered. They all strained to hear anything but there was nothing but the gunfire and shouts further away.

"It was probably just an animal. Let's go. Rick do you need help?" Laura asked, concerned.

"Nah! I'll be fine. Hopefully. You guys go on ahead. I'm sure you

don't need me to protect you..." He said with a smile. Shelby rolled her eyes and set off running, Alianna behind her. Laura frowned and then followed. When she heard the boy's laboured breathing and his hobbling run behind them, she began to relax.

Rick, limped along, struggling to keep up. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw a shadow flicker.

"Hey guys..." He began, slowing down. Suddenly there was a crack like thunder that resonated through the air. He flinched, instinctively ducking down.

A scream followed, stopping his heart in it's tracks. With mounting dread he lifted his head and glanced up.

At first everything seemed fine. The others had stopped where they were, frozen still. Shelby was looking backwards at Alianna and her friend, looking to see who'd screamed.

Rick, slowly stood up. Maybe it had been a reflex scream. Maybe no - one had been hit.

But then almost like a slow - motion movie, Laura dropped to her knees, blood bubbling up through her lips and painting them red. Her eyes were wide and her skin pale. Without a sound the girl fell onto her side.

\* \* \*

><p>Francisco started as there was another scream. He lifted the gun in his hand up and aimed, ready to open fire.<p>

Just ahead of him was a clearing from which the sound had emanated. With a soft tread he entered the little enclosure and quickly assessed the situation.

Rick was kneeling on the ground, Laura in his arms. He had tears running down his face and was whispering soothing words to the girl, who was barely breathing and only just had her eyes open. Shelby knelt beside them, openly crying, her eyes red. She sobbed great heaving breaths and held onto her friend's hand. Alianna stood over them, mumbling to herself. She was the first to notice Francisco watching them. And the gun in his hand.

"He shot her!" She shouted. The two teenagers head's snapped up.

Two sets of jaws dropped in horror.

One gun fell to the ground.

And a girl took her last breath.

\* \* \*

><p>"It feels weird but good to remember." Otto said, walking alongside his teacher and friend. They were slowly making their way back to the hatch so that they could meet up with the rest of their team.<p>

"Will we never hear the end of it...?" Nero said,



sarcastically.

"Maybe. When I forget which isn't likely." The boy replied with a grin. Suddenly he stopped as if he'd hit a brick wall. "Laura kissed Rick... then she slapped him..."

"Then she kissed you." Wing finished. He rolled his eyes and smiled as his friend went red.. "Your relationship has officially begun... Wait, what's wrong?"

"Nothing..." The boy replied.

"No, there's something wrong. You're crying." Nero continued, frowning.

Otto quickly brushed his fingers against his cheek. It was indeed wet.

"I don't know..." He whispered.

"Maybe it's Rick. You are brothers after all..." The man continued.

"Then why would he be crying?" Otto nearly shouted.

Nero and Wing glanced at each other. Then unexpectedly, Raven began moaning. The man gently put her on her feet, as she opened her eyes.

"Are you okay?" He asked. She nodded, leaning heavily against him.

"I'm going." Otto said, pushing past them.

"What? Where?" Nero asked.

"To Rick and the rest of them. To find out why I was crying. Raven will only slow us down and something may have happened."

The man nodded. "Okay, we'll meet up with you as soon as we can. Take Wing!" He shouted after Otto as he ran around the corner.

## 16. Chapter 16

**\*\*Thank you to everyone who reviewed! And a special thank you to Starkidhufflepuff who managed to read both Two of a Kind and Deja Vu in a week. O\_O\*\***

**\*\*ENJOY!\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 16\*\***

Wing reached the hatch first and hurriedly ascended the ladder up to the little door. He heaved the heavy metal up on its hinges until it was lying flat against the ground and scrambled out of the facility. His friend raced up after him, stumbling as the ground shook beneath them from a nearby explosion.

"Which way?" Otto asked, scanning the area. He was breathing heavily,

worry lining his eyes.

"Over there." Wing replied, pointing out the direction. His friend plunged into the trees, without hesitating, leaving the tall boy to follow after him with a frown.

\* \* \*

><p>"Stop!"<p>

Rick's eyes burned with rage. He had Francisco pinned to a tree. The man's face was a bloody mess. His nose broken in several places, dripped red liquid. A bruise puffed up his cheek, black and blue. His breathing was laboured and he could only see out of one eye.

Rick gritted his teeth and pushed Shelby away as she tried to stop him. She had tears streaming down her face and was pulling at his arm as he continuously hit the Colonel.

Thump!

The sound of his fist striking the man's abdomen.

"There's people coming!" Alianna's voice rang out in the clearing. It stopped Rick in his anger. Who could it be? Nero? Raven? Wing?

Otto?

The boy released his grip on Francisco and the man slid to the ground, gasping as he clutched at his stomach. Then Rick bent down and lifted up the gun that lay discarded, aiming it in the direction the footsteps came from. He slowly moved under the canopy, licking his lips, his heart pounding. The gun slipped in his hand and he realised that he had Laura's blood smeared all over him. But there was nothing he could do about that. The boy hurriedly wiped his hands on his pants and gripped the weapon tighter.

"Rick!" Otto said, eyes wide. He'd walked out of the trees to the boy's right, causing him to spin around and fire. Luckily his brother had ducked before the bullet had time to leave a hole in his head. "Calm down! It's only me and Wing. Where did all that blood come from?"

Rick relaxed, dropping the weapon. "You scared me. Where's Raven?"

"With Nero. And we also have the old Otto back. His memory has returned." Wing replied with a grin. Rick's eyes widened in horror. Otto loved Laura. That had been obvious to him from the start. And now Otto would remember that. But she was dead...

"Yeah yeah yeah. Whoop - dee - do. Now where did that blood come from?" His brother said, unaware of the blood draining from Rick's face.

"A guard. I got into a bit of a physical fight with one and well he... he didn't fair so well. We should get to the shroud." He replied, gulping.

"You're lying." Otto whispered. "Where are the others?"

"Back at the shroud. Where we should be." The boy replied, gesturing to a direction that lead away from the clearing. His brother suddenly pushed past him and Rick gripped his arm, swinging him around. "Wrong way."

"Wing? Which direction is the shroud? Don't lie." Otto asked. His friend looked from one to the other. Rick had his eyes wide, pleading to him. While his brother was staring hard at him.

Wing fidgeted. Should he tell the truth or should he lie? It was obvious that something was wrong and that Rick didn't want them to find out about it. But what could it possibly be? Was someone hurt, hence the blood? But if they were then why not lead them to the person so that they could help? Unless someone was dead... someone they knew... someone who's death would best be left unsaid for the time being...

"The shroud... it's in the direction... the direction..." Wing stumbled over his words, speechless for the first time in his life. With a trembling hand he pointed towards the clearing.

Rick's eyes shut in despair and he gripped tighter onto Otto's jacket, trying to pull him back. But the boy just shrugged the jacket off and ran, disappearing into the smoke.

"Why did you lie to him?" Wing whispered, dread rising in his stomach. Rick clutched at the jacket and then slipped it on, zipping it up against the cold.

"Because... because..." The boy faltered, tears welling up and streaming down his cheeks. He hiccupped, trying to calm himself and wiped his face.

"What's happened?" Wing asked again, louder, gripping Rick's shoulders and forcing him to look at him.

"I didn't know what to do. There's was a shot and blood and... I'm only sixteen! What did you expect me to do? I'm not a doctor! I'm sixteen! You can't blame me for her death. You can't..." He cut off abruptly, watching the tall boy's reaction.

"Her death? Who's her?" Wing asked, heart thudding rapidly. If it was Shelby...

Suddenly a shout split the air. It lasted about thirty seconds, full of pain and grief. They both flinched from it, like the sound could actually hurt them. Then as suddenly as it had started it stopped.

Rick and Wing looked at each. They both knew who had screamed.

The taller boy spun around and raced ahead, his friend's brother limping behind him. He reached the clearing within seconds, halting just within the edges.

Otto was on his hands and knees a couple of metres away. He was tensed, his fists clenched. Wing couldn't see his face but what he could see was the body lying in the centre of the area.

Blood surrounded the corpse in a pool. It mingled with her red hair so that it was difficult to tell where it ended and the liquid began. The girl's face was turned away and she wasn't moving.

"Laura..." Wing whispered. The sound carried on the wind and Shelby looked up from the tree she'd been sat against. A smile lit up her face and fresh tears made tracks down her cheeks.

"Wing!" The girl cried, staggering to her feet. He swung his head round and almost began crying himself as he saw her, alive and unhurt. She ran over to him and gripped him a hug that he returned with just as much enthusiasm.

"It's okay." He muttered into her hair as he stroked it.

"Who killed her?" Otto whispered.

"He did." Alianna replied, pointing at the Colonel.

Otto suddenly leapt forward, like a panther for the strike. Rick, anticipating the move, lunged after him and grabbed his brother from behind. He pulled him back, trying to restrain him from attacking Francisco.

"He killed her! Let me go! He deserves to die!" Otto screamed. His brother's grip slipped and he stumbled forward.

"Wing! Help!" Rick cried, jumping onto the boy's back. They collapsed under the weight and Otto tried to roll free, but his legs were trapped under his brother.

Francisco opened his eyes and watched them struggle. Then he slowly pulled out a gun from his jacket and aimed. Rick saw the weapon and his eyes widened.

Otto chose that exact moment to sit up, straight into the gun's line of sight. Francisco pulled the trigger and it hit him square in the back.

The boy was motionless for a second. And then in slow motion he fell over backwards, his eyes rolling up into his head.

"Otto!" Rick scrambled to his feet and threw a kick at the man's head. His foot impacted with a crunch and Francisco slumped to the side.

Rick lifted his foot to deal another blow but was stopped by a shout.

"He's not dead!"

The boy spun around and found Alianna, Wing and his girlfriend clustered around his brother.

"He's not dead. It was a sleeper stun pulse." Shelby explained.

Rick relaxed. Then suddenly there was a snap. He glanced up and watched Nero and Raven step into the clearing.

"What happened?" The man asked, surveying the small area, the injured teacher, the unconscious boy. His eyes widened as they rested on Laura. "Please tell me she's not..."

"Dead?" Rick finished. He gulped and then hurried behind a tree to throw up.

Raven glanced around at the chaos. If only she'd been more careful... maybe then there wouldn't have been any corpses to deal with.

Nero walked forward and knelt beside Laura. He gently checked her pulse. There was none. Then he looked over to Francisco. The memory of what had nearly happened to Franz came to mind. He knew exactly who'd done this. But there was nothing he could do about that now.

"This is all my fault..."

## 17. Chapter 17

\*\*Thank you to everyone who has reviewed this fic but sadly all good things must come to an end... And today's chapter marks the end of Deja Vu... :'(\*\*

\*\*First though over to my anonymous reviewers who I can't reply to:\*\*

\*\* - To Kukipye, my answer to your question is no not not really, but I like to think that maybe Wing likes to have fun once in a while... Oh and congratulations on reading the fics so fast. Two days... \*\_\* I really appreciate it. :D (BIG CHEESY GRIN)\*\*

\*\* - And Starkidhufflepuff, It doesn't matter and you're very welcome. I'm flattered that you love my fic so much. It means a lot... :D (EXTRA BIG CHEESY GRIN)\*\*

\*\*Now...\*\*

\*\*ENJOY!\*\*

\*\*Chapter 17\*\*

Otto's eyes flickered open. The first thing he saw were strip lights. Harsh and blinding. He blinked rapidly for a few moments trying to clear his vision. Then the boy frowned. He was lying in a bed. But how did he get there? A pounding headache stopped him from thinking straight so he just lay there and stared at the ceiling.

Then he realised that he was in a cell. There were bars along one wall. The Detention Centre at H.I.V.E.? What had he done now? He glanced down at his hands. For a second they were covered in blood. And then they were clear again.

Had someone been hurt? Nero? Raven? Wing? Shelby? Rick?

Laura.

The shock was like a physical blow. He couldn't breathe.

The body lying in a pool of blood.

Francisco. He'd killed her.

Rage suddenly boiled up from inside him and he lurched off of the bed, gripping the bars.

"Let me out!" He screamed. "Let me out!"

\* \* \*

><p>Nero watched the video feed on the screen. He watched as Otto tried to break through the bars. He watched the boy scream and hit the walls in a frenzy. He watched him throw the bed across the small room.<p>

"Do we have to watch this?" Rick asked turning away.

"We need to know when we can approach Otto. Right now he's a little angry I'll say." Nero replied.

"A little angry? He just lost the girl he loved and you say he's just a little angry. Don't tell me you'd be fine if Raven died." The boy continued.

"No I wouldn't because Raven's a good friend. But I do know what Otto's going through. I lost my brother that day just as he lost Laura."

"What can we do?" Shelby asked, leaning against Wing. They were all stood in Nero's office waiting to see what would happen. "He wasn't like this when Lucy died."

"I say we tell him Francisco's dead. Then maybe he'll calm down." Rick suggested. "I mean you've fired him right. It's not like they'll ever cross paths again so it wouldn't matter."

"No. Otto will know we're lying. He may be angry but he that doesn't make him any less smarter." Nero said.

"Then what? Laura's funeral will be taking place in a couple of days. If he doesn't calm down we can't exactly let him come along. Who knows what he'll do." Shelby said.

They fell silent and glanced back at the screen. Otto had slid down one of the walls and sat with his head in his arms.

"I want to go and talk to him." Rick said, turning on his heel and heading for the door.

\* \* \*

><p>The guard wearily glanced into the cell at the overturned bed and the dented walls. Then with trepidation, he pulled open the door and permitted the boy to walk in.<p>

Rick stood there with his hands in his pockets, wondering how to start a conversation. The guard had shut the door behind him and had left them alone.

Otto seemed to be staring into space. His eyes were glazed and he wasn't moving.

"Are you okay?" Rick asked, shivering slightly. His brother didn't reply.

"Otto?" The boy bent down and waved his hands in front of his face. Still no response.

Rick pulled out the blacbox he'd been given and quickly contacted Nero.

"How is he?" The man asked.

"I don't know. You should come and see for yourself."

\* \* \*

><p>Nero had come down to the cell and frowned at Otto, sitting there, barely breathing. Then he'd called Professor Pike who'd looked cafeully at the boy and shook his head slightly.<p>

It seemed that Otto had withdrawn into his own head and didn't even know what was happening around him. He wasn't aware. The Professor figured that maybe he was lost in the electrical world he interfaced with. But then no - one had been able to come up with a solution as to how to bring him back.

The funeral came and went. Rick, Shelby, Wing, Franz, Nigel and Nero had been allowed to attend, even though Laura's parents had avoided them on the actual day. They told Otto about it but he still didn't come back from where he was.

Everday Rick would come down to the Detention Centre and sit with him. Sometimes he'd read a book. Sometimes he'd tell his brother what was going on at H.I.V.E. Once he even brought down a chess board and set it up. It was left discarded on the floor.

Then several weeks later Rick walked into the little cell and found that a piece had been moved.

"Did one of you touch the chess board?" He shouted back to the guards. They looked up and glared at him.

Rick spun around and looked at Otto. But he didn't seem to have moved. "Did you move that piece?" There was no response. Nevertheless, the boy decided to continue playing the game and moved another piece. Then he sat down and read from a book he'd brought.

The next day another piece had been moved. Rick smiled and moved a bishop before cutting his brother's hair.

Several days later and Rick walked into the cell to find that he'd lost the chess game and Otto was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's he gone?" He asked the guards as he stumbled back into the corridor.

"He's not there?" They said in shock.

Rick didn't waste any time and immediately flipped open his blackbox.

"Nero? Otto's gone!"

\* \* \*

><p>They found the boy in H.I.V.E. mind's Central Processing Unit. He was sat in front of the central pedestal, tears sliding down his face.<p>

"Otto?" Rick said, as he walked up behind his brother. He didn't expect a response and was about to turn away.

"Do you have any chocolate on you?" The white - haired boy muttered.

"Chocolate?" Rick asked, shocked that his brother had spoken.

"Yeah. Chocolate. You know the sweet brown stuff." Otto continued. He ran a sleeve over his face while his brother sat beside him.

"No I don't. I can get you some later though." Rick said. "But first, where have you been?"

"No idea. Have they had the funeral?"

"Yeah. It's been several weeks now since... you know."

"Okay."

"We've missed you." Rick said.

"I miss Laura."

"You know Professor Pike did some tests to find out what it is that I can do. He says that like you can interface with machines or anything electrical, I can interface with the nervous system of people and take control. The electric shock I had re - activated the chip in my head and set it to a different frequency."

"Oh..." Otto said.

"He also said that I could possibly contain the personality or electrical life force of a person if they died so that they were in my head and well then I could transfer that data to another host so that they weren't dead."

"Interesting..."

"A host like the H.I.V.E. system here." Rick continued. His brother frowned.

"It's good to have you back Otto. I'm sorry that Laura's dead but that doesn't mean you have to stop living your life. And besides she's not exactly gone...well I'll let you figure it out." Rick said, standing up. He turned and walked out of the room without a backward glance.



"Otto?" The boy froze. His brother had just left the cavern so who had said that. Slowly with mounting disbelief, he looked to his right.

Stood there was a hologram of Laura. She was crying but they were both happy and sad tears.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So yeah that's the end...<strong>

\*\*I do have other ideas for other fics but it depends whether I write them up or not and if I even have the time...\*\*

\*\*If you want me to lemme know, though it won't be a continuation of this two part fic.\*\*

\*\*:'( It's been a great journey and you reviewers have been the BEST! \*flowers\* for all of you!\*\*

\*\*P.S. For those of you not satisfied with flowers, why not take world domination instead? lol!\*\*

End  
file.